

# The Western Witness.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

VOL. VII.—No. 15.

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## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

### Five Brothers Celebrate Mass at One Time.

### CONVERTING THE MAORIS.

Items of Interest From all Sections, Countries and Religious Orders. Readable News.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says that the religious persecutions in Russia seem entering upon a more acute phase, thousands of Catholics in communion with Rome have been dismissed from their situations.

Rev. Father Brunner, the Jesuit missionary priest, has arrived in Chicago from Europe with ten members of his order. They will go to the Rocky Mountains where they will devote themselves to missionary labor among the Indian tribes.

Mgr. Vazzary, Prince Primate of Hungary, in returning to Grau the other day after a journey, found that his brother Professor Michael Vazzary, had come to visit him. Joy at seeing the primate so affected the professor that he fell down and expired.

Right Rev. John T. Neuman, the priest who by a recent decree of the Pope, has been added to the roll of canonized saints, was the first pastor of the old St. Alphonsus Church of Baltimore. He afterwards became Bishop of Philadelphia and died in 1860.

The parish of St. Vincent de Paul of Chicago has accepted plans for the construction of a new church edifice which it is said will not be surpassed in beauty of design and completeness of appointment by any church. The cost will be about \$160,000.

The Catholics of divers nationalities in the Austrian empire are rousing from lethargy. A congress of Catholic Slavonians has been held at Laybach and in Moravia an attempt is being made to organize an independent party of Catholic young Tcheques.

Leo XIII is composing a Latin hymn in honor of St. Joachim, his patron saint. It will be set to music by the leading maitres de chapelle of St. Peter's (probably the Chevalier Mustafa will do it himself), and it will be sung on the occasion of the jubilee fetes.

Messrs. Jules Dufour and E. Medard, two young Catholic men of color in New Orleans, have gone to Baltimore, Md., to enter the College of the Epiphany, a seminary devoted to the education of young men who are candidates for the priesthood. They are both highly educated.

Mother Sebastian of Pittsburgh, superioress of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, informed the Chief of the Department of Public Safety recently that she could have from 300 to 500 sisters ready to act as cholera patient nurses, if the cholera should make its appearance in this country. At the call of Archbishop Corrigan about 500 priests from all over the archdiocese will assemble in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on November 23, in order to take part in the proceedings of the seventh diocesan synod. His Grace will celebrate the solemn pontifical mass and deliver an address.

In the college of San Ignace, Paris, the communions of which five years ago amounted to only 8,000 a year, reached the total of 18,500 last year, though the students have hardly increased in number. The great number of communions is due to the establishment of sodalities and pious associations among the boys.

The Pope on Monday gave audience to Von Bulow the new Prussian Minister. Subsequently the Pope

held a two hours' private conference with the new Minister. Though a subtle diplomatist, it is not believed he will be able to change the Pope's policy toward France, which will lead him to oppose the proposed increase in the German army.

A struggle between the Catholics and Protestants of London is going on over the possession of a boy named Harry Gossage, who although of Catholic parentage was placed in a Protestant institution and disposed of by its authorities to a Protestant farmer. It is estimated that the struggle over custody of the child has already cost more than £50,000 in legal expenses.

St. Louis' Cathedral at New Orleans is nearly a century old, and has what is probably the most cosmopolitan congregation in the country. The original edifice was completed in 1794; it was partially reconstructed in 1850, and elaborately renovated and beautified about ten years ago. At mass may be seen the most extraordinary contrast in the worshippers, including old Creole families side by side with the most abject beggar.

Marie Lebranchu, an indoor patient at the Franco-Netherland Hospital, Paris, who was suffering from consumption, is said to have been cured by paying a visit to Lourdes, where she was presented to M. Zola. Dr. Marquzey says: "There is a complete change in the state of the girl's lungs. I fail to detect the same sounds and cavernous condition on auscultation which I did before the visit to Lourdes. We are in the presence of something abnormal which I cannot account for."

Bishop Luck, missionary to the Maoris of New Zealand, says of those savage people: "I can say that the Maoris look to the Catholics with more favor than to the missionaries of any other faith. We make no effort to impose upon them or to grow rich out of their possessions, while about the first thing a minister of the church of England does is to make provision for a fine house for himself and family. So strictly is this true that the Maoris have a habit of saying, 'the English teach us to raise our hands in prayer so they may pull the ground from under our feet.'"

An event was recorded in St. Edward's Church, Cincinnati, on Monday morning, that has never been duplicated in this country. The rare sight of five brothers, all priests, officiating at a service was the occurrence, one of them saying his first high mass. The church was packed to its utmost capacity and the services commenced at nine o'clock. On Sunday morning, at Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Father George Hickey was ordained by Archbishop Elder, and he sang his first mass amid surroundings that are seldom seen. The celebrant was assisted by his four brothers. Rev. William Hickey, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Dayton, was assistant priest, Rev. Edward P. Hickey, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Piqua, was deacon at the mass, Rev. Charles A. Hickey, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Dayton, was sub-deacon, while Rev. John Hickey, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cumminsville, officiated as master of ceremonies. The father of these five priest died less than a month ago. One daughter is a nun in the order of Notre Dame, and is at present teaching music in a convent of that order in Philadelphia. The other daughter, Martha Hickey, is a stenographer. The mother is still living. Rev. Father George Hickey will leave in a few days for the Roman Catholic University at Washington, D. C., as a representative of the Cincinnati archdiocese in the prosecution of high studies of the Roman Catholic ministry. He will study higher Roman Catholic doctrines for a few years before returning to Cincinnati.

## FALLACY OF FREE THOUGHT.

### Catholicity and Intellectual Freedom United.

### OUR RULE OF TRUE FAITH.

It Leads to Certainty of Knowledge and Strengthens and Extends the Intellect.

"Pope Leo no more than Pope Pius admits the right of mankind to think for itself on any matter which the Church has once determined upon."—Protestant Exchange.

Of course; and no Pope ever has admitted or ever will admit any such right, if by thinking on a matter our contemporary means thinking contrary to what the Church teaches. If mankind had any such right, our Divine Lord would have no mission as an authoritative teacher of the mysteries of religion. Right to do anything presupposes ability to do it. To claim that mankind has a right to do that which it has no capability of doing rightly is sheer nonsense. Our Divine Lord became incarnate and gave His gospel to His apostles, because mankind, by thinking for itself, could not discover nor comprehend the truths which He revealed and which it was necessary for them to know. And that these truths might be disseminated over all the earth, and might not be lost in the course of time, but be preserved and continue to be known through all ages. He gave to His Church, of which the Pope is ever the visible head, the mission and authority to teach those truths. "Go ye into the world and teach my gospel," runs the divine commission. For mankind, therefore, to claim the right of thinking for itself, and thus ignoring the teaching of the Church respecting this gospel, would be absurd as for a child to claim the right of thinking about a branch of knowledge of which it was entirely ignorant. It would, indeed, be far more so. For the subjects which a secular schoolteacher explains to his pupils are within the range of their natural comprehension. But the truths comprised in the gospel of Christ are to a great extent supernatural mysteries, and require for their comprehension and the teaching of a supernaturally instructed and supernaturally-guided teacher. That office—the office of authoritatively teaching the truths—has been conferred upon the Church and specially upon its visible head, the sovereign Pontiff of the Church, who as the successor of St. Peter, is ever charged with the duty and invested with the power of strengthening the faith of his brethren.

Consequently, what the sentence quoted above intends as a reproach upon the Catholic Church and the Papacy is their crowning glory. It is plain proof that the Church is the sole Church of Christ, and that its sovereign Pontiff ever performs and fulfills the functions and duties, and exercises the authority and power, of the office with which our Divine Lord invested St. Peter.

Nor does this restriction, this refusal of the Church to permit mankind to think for itself on any topic the Church has once determined, militate in any way against true intellectual freedom nor against the use of reason throughout the entire field of its legitimate action.

No mathematician feels that it is any obstacle or hindrance to the prosecution of mathematical investigation and studies that he cannot think for himself as to whether two are four or three, but must accept unhesitatingly and without question of doubt the result of the multiplication table as fixed and settled truth. No geometer feels

that he has any right or liberty to question the fact that a straight line is always the shortest distance between two points, or that the sum of the angles of every triangle is invariably equal to two right angles.

These fixed truths lie at the very foundation of all mathematical and all geometrical science. They are essential elements of it. For a learner or a student of arithmetic or geometry to doubt or question them and undertake too think about them for himself and as he pleases would simply be for him to prove himself an idiot. Were he to claim of his instructor that he had the right to question these fixed, settled truths and insist upon exercising his assumed right, he would be turned out of school as an ass.

The truths of divine revelation are different in character and are sustained by evidence of a different nature from mathematical or geometrical truths, but in their own order they are not less certain, not less fixed and unchangeable.

Men may not question nor doubt those truths when the Church has once declared them and expounded them and defined them. The mathematician employing the settled truths of mathematics can build upon them; and just as he arrives at the knowledge of an additional number of settled conclusions and determined truths, he finds the field of his mathematical action widening and deepening. So the Catholic, accepting unreservedly the teaching of the Church on the truths of divine revelation as certainly and absolutely true, finds by reflecting on them the field of his vision extended, and his apprehension of the mysteries of religion enlarged and strengthened and elevated.

The history of theology gives the lie to the popular prejudice and charge that the acceptance by Catholics of the doctrinal teaching of the Church on the ground of the Church's divinely given infallibility and authority, fetters, hampers or hinders the employment of their intellectual powers, or in any way restricts the legitimate exercises.

All unprejudiced persons capable of forming an intelligent judgment admit that Protestant theologians are mere pigmies in comparison with the host of intellectual giants which the Catholic begets and nurtures through her theology. As respects profundity of thought, acuteness of perception and of reasoning, powers of close logical argument, extensive research, universality of knowledge, accuracy of statement and sublimity of ideas, there is no room even for comparison between them. The Catholic theologians are giants; the Protestant theologians placed beside them are dwarfs. The fact is—plain and indisputable—that all that is good, all that is admirable, all that is even true in part in the writings of Protestant theologians, is made up of the disjointed fragments of ideas which they have stolen from the works of Catholic writers. Whatever orthodox ideas Protestant writers put forth are stolen from Catholic theology and then palmed off upon the Protestant public as their own original thoughts. Witness the use or rather abuse and perversion they make of St. Augustine, of St. Jerome, St. Hilary, St. Bede, and many other Catholic saints and doctors.

The Catholic rule of faith leads to certainty of knowledge, to strengthening and expanding all the intellectual gifts with which man has been invested by his Creator; the Protestant rule of faith leads to uncertainty and confusion of thought, and consequently to intellectual weakness and narrowness.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard

Some people never had but that an opportunity is an opportunity until it has turned the next corner.

## KENNY'S BIG JUMP.

### He Is Now Well Located in Second Place.

### FOLEY STILL IN THE LEAD.

As the Time is Drawing Nearer to the Close the Tardy Ones are Waking Up to Their Fights.

During the week past the largest vote yet recorded has been cast in the WITNESS contest. It is now a popular fad with the members of the Young Men's Institute, and the men who are ahead in the race are the envy of their fellows.

During the week numerous changes have been made in the favorite ticket. Some that were far behind have come forward, and others who were forward have dropped back. But changes may be looked for all the time where so many are interested.

Below will be found the list of names and the standing of the various candidates who are hoping to secure one of the following valuable prizes:

Gold hunting case watch, best American movement; heavy cases, suitably engraved with winner's monogram and inscription of contest, with handsome chain and locket.

Y. M. I. badge of heavy gold, with bar pin, enameled in colors and diamond star, the official badge of the Institute. Large size, suitably engraved.

Gold-headed walking cane, quartz top, ebony or iron-wood stick, finest workmanship and inscription.

Family Bible, mounted, and with silver clasps and finest Morocco binding. Profusely illustrated with steel engravings. Approved by the authorities of the Church.

Alzog's Universal Church History in three volumes, by Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiberg. A work of great utility to the general reader, giving a complete history of the Catholic Church, compiled from the most authentic sources.

The rules governing the contest are simple and explicit, and now that the favorites are named below, besides the others whose votes were counted up to noon of Thursday, there is a grand chance for the sable equines to cut out the pace and lead the race.

Every week, up to and including the last Saturday in October, there will be published in this paper a ballot as follows:

### ONE VOTE

For M.....  
Inst. No.....

As the Most Popular Member

OF THE  
YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

For those who wish to vote in number for their favorite candidate, we have determined to make the following special offer.

For one year's subscription to the WITNESS, 50 votes.  
For six months' subscription at 75 cents, 25 votes.  
For four months' subscription at 50 cents, 15 votes.

A special distinctive ticket will be issued for these, each one having number of votes plainly printed on it.

A ballot box will be provided at this office, which will remain closed until noon of each Thursday, when the votes will be taken out and counted in the presence of any of those who may desire to be present and witness the accuracy of the count. Every precaution that ingenuity can suggest will be thrown around it, and at its conclusion the leading candidates will be requested to name a committee to canvass the entire vote.

It will be an excellent opportunity for the gentlemen and their friends to testify to the appreciation in which they hold them, and it will give the WITNESS the greatest pleasure to bestow the prizes upon the fortunate winners.

The friends of J. E. Kenny among the delegates to Fresno gave his cause a lift during the week by voting solidly for their favorite and placing him in second place. On their return they propose to vote him early and often until they place him first.

Nevada City is still solid for Foley, they don't propose to let him come out anywhere but on top, if it takes all the gold in the famous mines of that section to keep him in his present position.

T. J. O'Brien of Marysville and George S. Tait of Santa Cruz are running a neck and neck race, although O'Brien has slightly the advantage. Tait's votes come in from all sections of the country.

Rev. A. Lawler, O. P., of Antioch has been entered in the race by the members of the Young Ladies Institute of that place. They are working hard for their former pastor and propose to make him one of the favorites long before the end of October.

The delegates to Fresno were enthused over the affair, and all said that as soon as they got home they would boom the fight for their favorites. Over one hundred took advantage of the opportunity to cast ballots for their friends, and the result will make many changes the coming week.

J. M. Foley	681
J. E. Kenny	314
Samuel Haskins	317
T. J. O'Brien	164
J. F. Kennedy	160
Joe. Streif	130
Will Derham	125
Geo. S. Tait	84
John T. O'Donnell	84
D. J. Hallahan	58
J. T. Hutton	51
Rev. A. Lawler	50
T. F. Carolan	41
E. P. E. Troy	37
Adolph Bruening	34
Rev. C. E. O'Neill	34
Charles Grimes	33
J. J. Deegan	33
J. Denehey	30
Dr. T. J. Galvan	29
Joe Flaherty	25
J. J. Lynch	25
Ed Madden	20
Sam Raddell	18
Chas. F. Weld	18
M. Rose	15
F. V. Hoosen	10
F. V. Flynn	6
Dr. Maher	6
John H. Kennedy	6
Chas. Ebner	5
W. A. Pryal	5
J. T. Greaney	4
J. T. Carey	4
D. F. Mullins	4
Geo. Ely	4
Geo. W. Paterson	3
Arthur McGinty	2
Jas. F. Smith	2
T. H. Fallon	2
J. F. Driscoll	2
John W. Roach	2
J. T. McElroy	2
J. H. Rossiter	2
Geo. Stanley	2
J. T. Whalen	2
S. R. O'Keefe	2
W. S. Robinson	2
Peter Kretz	2
R. W. Johnson	2
W. J. Carlin	2
Wm. Fahey	2
John Kennedy	2
J. S. Gilmore	2
Frank Schwin	2
Frank Reichling	2
W. H. Gowney	2
D. Stewart	1
W. D. Buetgen	1
Jas. B. Manley	1
Peter Fitzgerald	1
D. Kellner	1
Ben Sieberlich	1
M. Haley	1
Paul Kingston	1
Joe Moroney	1
Wm. Hynes	1
Will Shea	1
J. E. O'Donnell	1
Frank Kierse	1
Frank Kilgus	1
George Jennings	1
James Costello	1
M. C. Riley	1
C. J. Menning	1

A dollar will buy four times as much for a grateful man as it will for a stingy one.



## THREE LIVE ISSUES.

## Mr. Blaine Gives His Views of the Campaign Lines.

## DEMOCRACY'S WEAK POINTS

It Should Be a Campaign Upon Protection, Reciprocity and Sound Currency, and There Should Be No Seeking for Side Issues.

AUGUSTA, ME., September 6.—The following letter from Hon. James G. Blaine to Chairman Manley of the Republican State Committee was made public to-night:

BAR HARBOR, ME., September 3, 1892. Hon. Joseph H. Manley, Chairman, etc., Augusta, Me.

MY DEAR SIR:—Not being able, for reasons which I explained to you, to deliver public speeches in the present campaign, I take the liberty of submitting my views on the issues which I regard as being the strongest for Republicans to urge before the people.

## BENEFITS OF PROTECTION.

First—The issue of the greatest consequence is the tariff on imports, and it will continue to be until a settlement is effected by a majority so large that it will be tantamount to general acquiescence. Republicans are aggressive on this subject. Two years ago they passed a general enactment known as the McKinley tariff, which for the time failed to meet with popular approval and was regarded with a certain degree of distrust by those who have always upheld a protective system. But a powerful reaction came in consequence and a vindication. The McKinley tariff by experience was found to have worked admirably, and within the last year it has produced a greater volume of business, internal and external, export and import, than the United States ever transacted before. Notwithstanding the character and extent of the opposition to it, agriculture has been remunerative, the manufacturing prospering and commerce more flourishing than at any previous time, thus vindicating the McKinley tariff by an impressive and undeniable series of facts. Against this tariff the Democratic party has taken a position almost without parallel in the history of the country, pronounce it a fraud and anathematize it generally. A resolution to this effect was adopted by the Democratic convention against the report of the Committee on Resolutions, by a two-thirds vote, thus manifesting the intelligent participation of every man in the convention. Sometimes a resolution may be adopted in haste, or just as a convention is adjourning, it may fail to receive the attention of the members, but this resolution was debated pro and con, adopted after a contest and was perfectly understood by the members of the convention. It contained these words:

"We pronounce Republican protection as a fraud upon the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few; we declare that it is a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue; we demand that the collection of such taxes be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered."

If any one will take the trouble to read the resolutions by which Mr. Calhoun sought to defend his nullification scheme in 1833, he will find that the tariff platform of the Democratic party is in general harmony therewith, and if he examines the subject further he will discover that the duties in the compromise tariff which reconciled Mr. Calhoun and appeased his angry followers in South Carolina are not of a more comprehensive character than those contemplated in the Democratic resolution of 1892.

The Democrats are in the habit of naming Jefferson as the founder of their party, and yet, on the subject of tariff, they are in radical opposition to the principles laid down by Jefferson. Toward the close of his administration the revenue from the tariff on imports produced a considerable surplus, and there was a question of what should be done. Should the tariff be reduced, or should this surplus be maintained? Jefferson pointedly asked "shall we suppress imports and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufacturers?" For himself he recommended that imports be maintained, and that the surplus created should be appropriated to the improvement of roads, canals, rivers and education. If the constitution did not give sufficient power to warrant these appropriations, Jefferson went so far as to recommend that it be amended. This presents the strongest condition of affairs upon which the protective tariff can be justified, and Jefferson did not hesitate to recommend it. The Democrats of the present day, it is needless to say, are in direct opposition to the policy which Jefferson thus outlined and adhered to.

THE POLICY OF RECIPROCITY—IT WAS FAVORED BY THE DEMOCRACY WHEN FIRST PROPOSED.

Second—When the principle of reciprocal trade was first proposed to be introduced into the tariff system, the Democrats showed the most generous appreciation of the question and gave their support so long as the Republican party refused to accept it. But when the Republicans came to approve of it, the Democratic support vanished and instead of favoring it we find the Democratic National Convention passing a resolution hostile to the system.

But in spite of Democratic opposition we attained through reciprocity new and valuable trade, and the system has already demonstrated its many advantages. We were about to declare sugar, molasses, coffee and hides free of all duties in the McKinley bill, but instead of that we passed a law by which we asked the several nations interested what they would give to have those articles made free. We found that the privileges which we were about to give, without cost, and without charge, would secure a large trade in Brazil, in Cuba and in Porto Rico, in the windward and leeward islands, in British Guiana and Jamaica, in San Domingo and the five Central American States, and to a minor degree in Australia, France and Germany—all in exchange for articles which we intended to gratuitously admit.

The free list of the McKinley tariff is larger in the number of articles and in the aggregate amount of their import value than the dutiable list. What would have been the result to the United States if every article before it had been put on the free list, had been made a subject of inquiry to see what we could get in exchange for it? We omitted to do so for many years and that neglect cost this government advantages in trade which would have amounted to tens of millions of dollars. This is the whole of the reciprocity scheme. It is very plain and very simple. It secures valuable trade in exchange for articles otherwise destined to be put on the free list. The Democratic party leaders think they can discredit it, and they make the effort apparently for the unpatriotic reason that they did not originate it.

A SOUND CURRENCY—MANY WILL SAY IT WAS WORTH THE COST OF THE WAR.

With all its calamities the war brought us one great blessing, a national currency. There are many who will say it was worth the cost of the war to bring about so auspicious a result to capital and labor. Prior to the war we had the worst currency system of any enlightened nation in the world. State banks, with some exceptions thoroughly irresponsible, existed by thousands throughout the United States. Whenever one of them failed the result was large loss and great distress among the people. No one was responsible for their bills, and they were generally found scattered in the pockets of laboring men to whom they were a total loss, without any redemption whatever. Of the State banks it was often truly said that they caused their debts to measure their profits. They caused an aggregate loss of hundreds of millions of dollars among the poor. Since the close of the war all this has been different. Every paper dollar that circulates among the people has the United States behind it as a guarantee. All the banks that exist are under the control of the National Government, and if they fail as financial institutions the Government has taken care that their bills shall be paid by the securities deposited in the Government vaults. Under these circumstances it is a matter for extraordinary surprise that the Democratic convention should deliberately pass resolutions for the revival of State banks. The palpable effect of this policy, if carried out, would be to cheat the poor man out of his daily bread. If the State banks be called again into existence, and their circulation attain a large issue, no device could be more deadly for the deception and despoilment of all commercial and laboring classes. How the Democratic convention came to make such a declaration who is its author, what intelligent purpose there can be in it will remain a mystery.

I have heard the argument adduced that we would keep our money at home if State banks were instituted, but we should keep it at home because it would be so worthless nobody would take it abroad. Were the system of State banks revived, we would again have discounts at the State lines, large charges for drafts on financial centers, and a general suspicion of every bill offered in payment, with a liquidation every few years that would be a destructive loss to the innocent holders of bills and a corresponding profit to the parties owing the banks.

The three issues which I have given are the issues upon which I would arraign the Democratic party. I would not multiply issues, nor be diverted by our opponents from a steadfast adherence to and a constant presentation of these questions before the people, until the voter was made to know and understand their true and weighty significance.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

To be slow to anger is better than to own the best kind of a seven-shooter.

## CLEVELAND'S ENGLISH ALLIES.

O, how the Britisher longs to vote for Cleveland!

But he cannot, and must content himself with merely sending over funds and doing what he may from the other side for the cause he loves so well.

He thought at one time that he could subvert that cause by calling indignation meetings of Englishmen in England to protest against American legislation for Americans.

He used, also, to denounce and abuse the candidates of Protection and laud the representatives of Free Trade in the public prints. But he found that so doing rather helped than injured Protection.

So word has been sent across the Atlantic by Cleveland's lieutenants that open advocacy of his election by Englishmen must cease if they wish to see him President again.

And the Britisher, ever ready to make any sacrifice for his friends on this side, suppresses his bubbling enthusiasm and now manfully curbs each mighty impulse to say a word in behalf of the American candidate of the Cobden Club.

During a session of the "Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire," in London, on June 28, Mr. B. F. Stiebel, President of the Nottingham Chamber of Commerce, arose and said:

"Let me say that I think at this moment, when there is a Presidential contest in the United States, it would be wise not to name the United States so frequently. [Oh! oh!] We have had these things said over and over again, and we have found that the very things that have been said in defence of our interests have given our opponents an arm against us. With all possible respect for the leanings of gentlemen present, I would suggest that in wishing to do good they may be doing a great deal of harm."

On July 21 the Liverpool Echo repeated the warning:

"Now that our home elections are over, the great conflict which is proceeding in the United States of America naturally begins to attract a little more attention. . . . The discussion of the question at issue from the English point of view, has only one effect in the States and that injurious and paralyzing to those who are fighting the battle of Free Trade. Every public expression of opinion in this country hostile to the McKinley tariff from a British point of view, is telegraphed across the Atlantic and eagerly reproduced in the Republican papers throughout the country. As we said before, the apostles of Free Trade, if they wish to further the principles they are so proud of, should rigidly hold their tongues during the present Presidential campaign. Their utterances do incalculable harm to the Democratic cause, and if Mr. Cleveland is, after all, defeated, it will be largely owing to the too loudly and indiscreetly expressed sympathy proceeding from these shores."

How do you like fighting under the British flag, Democrats?

## QUESTIONS FOR FREE TRADERS.

You say protection caused the Homestead strike. What, then, caused the Buffalo strike? If trusts are springing up under the new tariff, how is it that prices are falling all the time? Does it never shake your faith in Cobden's creed to contemplate how, under protection, this country has advanced from a condition exclusively agricultural to one in which we produce \$8,000,000,000 in manufactured goods, while Great Britain, with a start of centuries, only manufactures about \$4,500,000,000?

Farmers have always been the mainstay of protection, not only voting for the policy, but actually shaping it through their representatives in Congress. It cannot justly be called a manufacturer's policy, can it?

When steel rails sell in New York for less than the London price, as they have done in the past, where does the "tax" come in?

If you are patriotic, why do you ever mourn the establishment of the tin-plate industry in America?

How would you raise the money to run the Government if the tin-plate industry were abolished?

We need every cent now raised by the McKinley law for legitimate expenses. Would you, in the absence of a tin-plate tariff, reimpose the heavy duties of the Mills bill on sugar?

Is not a tin-plate duty preferable to a sugar duty as a means of raising revenue?

Protection, you say, creates trusts in the United States. Does Free Trade create the numerous English trusts?

Why did New South Wales, but lately the sole companion of England in Cobdenism, abandon that policy after a fair trial and adopt Protection?

Did you ever hear of an iron and steel worker who made \$10,000 a year before the Homestead strike revealed him in the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company?

PIANOS Knabe, Haines, Bush & Gertsch, others. Cash or installments. Rented and repaired. Please call or send for prospectus.

903 Sutter St., S. F. BANCROFT

## Frequent Confession.

Once upon a time there was a monk who had a great dislike to confession and the devil put it into his head that it was no use of his going every week, because he always had the same sins to tell and grew no better.

He told St. Bernard who was his abbot, of his temptation, and the saint desired him to take a large pitcher that stood in the refectory and fill it with water, and leave it at the gate of the monastery a week; he made him repeat this process for several weeks, and then one day he bade him empty the pitcher and bring it to him.

The monk did as he was told, and St. Bernard desired him to look into the pitcher and tell him what he saw there.

"I see nothing, Father Abbot."

"Are there no slugs, or insects or dirt of any kind?" asked St. Bernard.

"No, it is perfectly clean; the water has washed it and prevented anything sticking to the bottom," said the monk.

"That is just what your weekly confession does to you, my son," replied the abbot; "it washes your soul and keeps it pure, and prevents sin and imperfections cleaving to it."

## PHYSICIANS.

D. F. RAGAN, M. D.

Office, 997 Market St., cor. 6th.

Hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

John Galloway, M. D.

Office, 659 CLAY ST.,

OFFICE HOURS: 1:30 to 4 & 7:30 to 9

RESIDENCE: 1331 Leavenworth St. Telephone No. 2574

Dr. A. P. O'Brien,

Office, 1403 California St.

(Corner of Hyde)

Hours 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M. Tel. 2550

Residence, 1217 Bush. Telephone 2612.

JEROME A. HUGHES,

Physician and Surgeon,

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It can be given with safety to man, women or child, in as much as it is perfectly harmless, and through its most extraordinary effect in eradicating disease, is creating a most powerful sensation.

It is sold Under a Guarantee at Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Sold only at Depot, 92 NORTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE.

For Sale.

THE ARLINGTON—A large Lodging House of 20 rooms; well furnished; in the most prominent part of the city of San Jose; is for sale cheap through, the owner going East. The electric and horse cars pass the door. The location is the most spacious and healthy in the city. Apply for particulars THE ARLINGTON, Corner First & San Fernando Sts. SAN JOSE.

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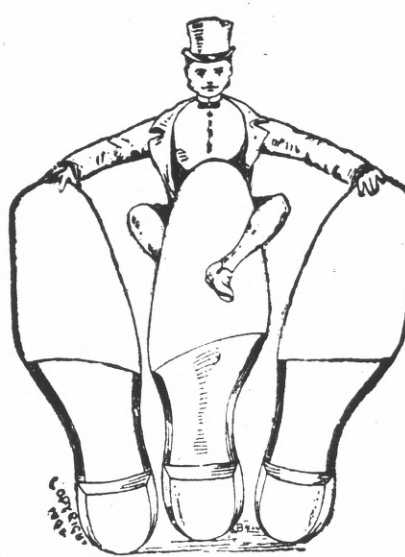
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You supply the Feet and I will fit them with a pair of my Celebrated Handwelted

FRENCH CALF SHOES

at Four Dollars.

Here are Samples of my popular styles. French Toe for ease and comfort. Opera and London Toes for neatness and style.

SOLID WEARING SHOES.

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Best Line of Laundry Machinery in the World.

Fitting up of Laundries for Church Institutions a Specialty. Good Workmanship and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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VINUM VITE,

—PURE CALIFORNIA WINES FOR ALTAR USE.—

These Wines are particularly grateful to the stomach when fasting. Made under my own supervision and guaranteed strictly pure.

LOW PRICES AND FIRST QUALITY.

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Goods Shipped to any Part of the United States.

The New York Millinery Store

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LATEST NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Lowest Prices!

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WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 9 NEW HIGH-ARM

AWARDED THE

Only Grand Prize

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## Young Men's Institute.



SYNOPSIS OF CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS.

An applicant must be of the Catholic faith, and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, his heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$500.

INSTITUTE No. 4 meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Laurel Hall, 32 O'Farrell Street, near Grant Avenue.

James J. Deagan, P. P.; Fred V. Flynn, F. V. P.; William McGeeney, S. V. P.; J. H. Sullivan, R. S.; D. J. Ahern, F. S.; Peter A. Ryan, C. S.; John B. McIntyre, T.; J. Callaghan, M.; T. L. Mahoney, M. D.; S. E. C. H. J. Siedenbergh, Lewis M. Bannon, Jos. Murphy, M. Carr, J. N. McLaughlin.

## Young Ladies' Institute.



SYNOPSIS OF CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS.

To become a member, a young lady must be of the Catholic faith, and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, her heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$150.

Grand Officers of the Y. L. I.

[OFFICIAL]

HEADQUARTERS, MURPHY BUILDING.

Mrs. D. F. Ragan, P. G. P.; 735 Hayes St., Ella M. Comyns, G. P.; 326 Seventh St., Annie F. Conlin, G. F. V. P.; Grass Valley; Josie T. Molloy, G. S.; Murphy Building, S. F.; Mrs. N. Fleming, G. T.; 811 Center St., Oakland; Directors—Kate Conlin, Mary Wynne, Ida McAdam, Geraldine Mulcahy, Mrs. W. F. Greany, Miss Annie Potthoff, Miss Kate Turner, Mrs. K. V. Doyle, Mrs. M. A. Nagle, Mrs. Mary Ward.

INSTITUTE No. 2, meets every Friday evening at St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market Street.

Mrs. G. Long, P. P.; 1223 Hayes St.; Miss Annie Potthoff, P. P.; 232 Van Ness Ave.; Miss Kate Turner, 1st V. P.; 344 Natoma; Miss A. Gately, 2d V. P.; 1326 Eddy St.; Miss N. Winter, P. S.; 735 Harrison; Miss Alice Leo, Treas.; 141 Hoff Ave.; Miss Kate Desmond, M.; 369 Jessie; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P.; 907 Market.

## Young Men's Institute.

Conducted by STEPHEN R. O'KEEFE.

Address Communications to 325 Montgomery Street.

Borromeo Council No. 129 will give a social and entertainment in Mission Opera Hall on Friday evening the 28th instant.

San Francisco Council No. 7, has issued invitations for its 'eight anniversary ball to be held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Friday evening, October 21st. In honor of Columbus day the committee having charge of the ball propose to tastefully decorate the hall. Souvenir programs will be distributed and a pleasant time is assured the friends of the council.

Columbus Council No. 55 will celebrate its anniversary with a strictly invitation dress party at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 28th instant.

## Young Ladies' Institute.

CONDUCTED BY MISS J. T. MOLLOY.

The members of No. 2 will receive their friends on Friday evening, Oct. 14th in St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market street. All sister members are cordially invited to attend.

No. 4 gave a very successful party on last Tuesday evening in Olympic Hall.

Kate Driscoll was elected the recording secretary of No.

Of late the meetings of No. 14 have been very interesting. The members are enthusiastic and very hopeful for the future prosperity of the order and their branch in particular. This branch will have a raffle for a book of poems and the members are working earnestly to make it a success.

Several of the members of No. 1 are assisting at the fair in aid of the Sisters of the Holy Family.

The members of No. 3 are working in earnest to make their coming reception a grand success.

No. 4 are assisting at Holy Cross booth at the fair which is now being held in the Mechanics' Pavilion in aid of the Sisters of the Holy Family.

The Grand President will pay an official visit to No. 9 on next Monday evening.

Brother J. H. Higgins of the firm of Higgins & Rothkopf, manufacturing jewelers and diamond setters at 208 Sutter street, has designed a handsome Institute Badge at a very reasonable cost. An inspection of the same will repay you.

The Grand Officers received a very kind invitation from the Fresno branch of the Y. M. I. to attend the festivities of the Grand Council week. This invitation is acknowledged with sincere thanks.

Mary Flannigan and Maggie Connors of No. 5 are visiting friends in the city.

Susie Smith has gone to San Francisco where she will hereafter reside.

Mrs. George Tracy of Grass Valley is visiting friends in Modesto.

The Grand Secretary will pay an official visit to No. 27 of Antioch tomorrow.

Y. M. I. No. 127 of Oakland tendered a reception to Y. L. I. No. 15 of the same city on last Tuesday evening.

The members of No. 15 have charge of a booth at the bazaar to be held in aid of the new church of which Rev. Father McSweeney is pastor.

The members of No. 16 will entertain their friends in Union-square Hall during the first week of November.

Josie Regan, past president of No. 17, and Mrs. M. A. Nagle, recording secretary of the same branch, have returned home after a prolonged visit to this city.

No. 11 has filed the following quarterly report: Active membership, 69; honorary, 46; contributing, 2; total, 117; number visits to sick, 4; needy, 2; physician's visits to sick, 2; persons furnished employment, 1; persons assisted, 21; families assisted, 6; visits to almshouse, 10; to hospitals, 4; amount of reading matter distributed, 200 books and papers; amount expended in relief, \$38.80; in groceries, \$34.30; in clothing, \$8.45; total, \$81.56.

The various branches of the society have under contemplation a plan to found and establish a home for aged people. No action will be taken until after the first of the year. In the city there is a very serious drain upon the funds of each branch on account of the number of pensioners on their bounty and it is thought that if a home of this kind is established it will permit the proper caring for of these unfortunates and permit the funds now diverted for their support to be used for other purposes.

The Hotel del Mar is closed for the season. Contracts have been let for the enlargement of the hotel and other improvements are being arranged for.

During this month all the branches will hold their annual elections. The installation of the officers elect will take place early in November.

Mrs. Deane started Thursday to attend the Grand Council of the Y. M. I. at Fresno to urge the next Grand Council to meet at the Hotel del Mar.

Per capita tax and quarterly dues are delinquent November 1st. Circulars to that effect have been sent to all branches.

No entertainments will be given by any of the branches until they hold their donation parties in holiday time.

The board of trustees had a meeting last Monday and the board of directors will meet next Monday at headquarters.

Mrs. Deane will leave on the 13th inst., for Chicago in the interest of the World's Fair.

A Well-known Catholic Family.

The seventeenth Lord Lovat comes of age in the course of a few weeks, and extensive preparations are being made amongst the members of the Clan Fraser to celebrate the occasion with due honor.

Most tourist who push their way a little north of Iverness to get a glimpse of the gorges and falls of Kilmorack have pointed out to them Beaufort house, Beaulieu, the home of that wily politician, Simon Lovat, whose Gaelic title, Macshemie, gives a name to the air or valley over which the seat of the family commands a remarkable prospect. The scenery is more remarkable than the dwell. ing-place itself, which is modern and ugly, almost the last traces of the old castle founded by the Bissets having been swept away after Culloden. Lord Lovat owns over 160,000 acres of land in this district, but much of it must be far from profitable. Both the young lord and his mother are very popular among their neighbors and tenants. Lady Lovat belongs to the great Catholic family of the Weld-Blundells of Ince Blundell, Yorkshire.

New Cook Book Free.

The Price Baking Powder Company, Chicago, has just published its new cook book, called "Table and Kitchen," compiled with great care. Besides containing over 500 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are valuable hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table how to enter the dining room, etc.; a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as that of the most economical and home like is provided for.

"Table and Kitchen" will be sent postage prepaid to any lady patron sending her address, (name town and State) plainly given. Postal card is as good as a letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., 184, 186 and 188 Michigan Street, Chicago, Ill.

(Mention if desired in German.)

## Dramatic Department.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM J. AHERN.

Isabelle Coe in Niobe, at the Baldwin. Victory Bateman will shortly appear at Stockwell's.

The Stowaway will follow Tangled Up at the Bush St.

Next week The Bat (Die Fledermaus) will follow Maritana at the Tivoli.

Nothing But Money at Stockwell's proved a good drawing card, and Divorce Day is eagerly awaited.

Comedy is king, and the best paying plays are those in which mirth and merriment abound.

Geo. Osbourne is now up north endeavoring to secure dates for the Alcazar stock company.

Tangled Up at the Bush Street is meriting all the good things that were said about it.

John T. Kelly in his laughable farce, McFee of Dublin, will appear next week at the California.

Maritana proved a good card at the Tivoli during the week and bravely held its own against other strong attractions.

Yon Yonson, Tangled Up, Nothing But Money and Niobe, are samples of what the public are willing to expend their money for.

Geo. W. Lederer has secured a stock company of star comedians, and they are interpreting their respective parts in a first class manner.

First class attractions are not always easily secured and our local managers should be congratulated for their enterprise in presenting their present companies.

The California Theatre, without doubt is better attended than any other local place of amusement. And there are several reasons therefore. The theatre is one of the finest in the country. The management is first class, patrons are properly attended to by the ushers, and above all only first class attractions are presented.

The announcement that manager Wallenrod will be compelled to close the Alcazar Theatre for a few weeks owing to dull times, is unfortunately too true. He strived to please and secured a first class stock company, but to no avail, fate was against him and he was forced to succumb. All that glitters is not gold in the theatrical business, and crowded houses do not always signify a paying investment.

The collapse of the Alcazar, very naturally draws public attention to Stockwell, he having been associated so long with Geo. Wallenrod, and every one is wishing him success and hoping that he will succeed. Men like Stockwell and Wallenrod who have always lived up to their promises to the public, should be encouraged in business, and it is to be hoped that Geo. Wallenrod will shortly be in harness again and making money.

While other managers are complaining about dull times and empty houses, the Grove Street Theatre is playing to better business every week. It has always been the policy of the management to present attractive plays, handsomely staged, and the appreciation of their efforts is shown by the box office receipts. Chispa is the nugget of the present week, while Hazel Kirke with its romantic situations will be the attraction commencing with next Monday.

Of Interest to Subscribers.

The following are the decisions of the United States Court on the subject of newspaper subscribers:

1. Subscribers who do not give express orders to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the post office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher and the papers are sent to the former address they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take out periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of the time if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearages, is sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then orders it discontinued or orders the postmaster to mark it refused, and have postal cards sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.

The cloven foot is often covered with patent leather.

## LADIES!

Buy Your CLOAKS at the California Cloak Company.

CHARLES MAYER, JR. & CO., - - PROP.

— AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. —

105 POST STREET, Opp. White House.

(Formerly 569 MARKET STREET.)

The Catholic who undertakes to keep in with the world, the flesh and the devil, and at the same time tries to lead a virtuous life, has set out to do an impossible task. He is like the fabled Sisyphus, everlastingly rolling a stone up hill only to find it coming back to the bottom, when he thinks the top is reached. Of all the fools in the world this kind of a Catholic is the biggest. The world has produced many fools, but this is the worst. He may think his religion, as he practices it is good as far as it goes, but it never goes far enough, it will not save his soul. When the deluge comes, he will not be in the ark.

We would inform our lady patrons that we have engaged Miss Annette Erickson to take charge of our hair dressing department. Dressing hair for weddings, parties and photos a specialty. If you want your complexion charming use Rose Almond Cerate, free trial. Bangs trimmed and curled; plain dressing, 25 cents. Lessons given in manicure and hair dressing. La Verita Toilet Bazaar, 1170 Market street, over the Maze.

A choice assortment of rosaries, prayer books and pictures suitable for presents for children making their first communion for sale by the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes St.

A large assortment of Watches Diamonds and Jewelry for the holidays at very reasonable prices, can be had at W. Scheppeler's, 1071 Market St.

Gas Fitting, sanitary Plumbing or leaky-roof repairing orders will be promptly attended to at Ahlback and Kayser, 426 Hayes St.

Antoinette.

Something entirely new to the American people, giving Perfect Satisfaction to those using them, for Tan, Moths, Freckles, Red Nose, Pimples, Blackheads, oily or dry skin, Sallow, Dull Complexions made clear and beautiful, Varicose veins, Call and hear what

prominent people say about them. Dr. Geo. Grubich's testimonial on each bottle. Wrinkles Removed and prevented. Artistic Manicuring.

Antoinette Gray Hair Restorer For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Gray or Bleached hair restored, not died. This wonderful preparation works on the sear and restores natural coloring to the hair, whiskers and mustache, making them soft and glossy. Dandruff, Thin and Falling Hair Positively Cured. Having made a special study of the hair and skin, I am prepared to give scientific treatment and advice. Superfluous hair removed without pain or danger. Try my curing fluid.

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440 HAYES STREET. San Francisco.

A Large Assortment of Easter Eggs For Sale.

Ice Cream to Order a Specialty.

LADIES!

WHEN YOU HAVE tried everything and they have failed to give you satisfaction try Mrs. SADIE EVANS' Coconut Cream and ENAMELINE.

If you want a refined and beautiful complexion.

My Preparations are not a Greasy or Oily substance.

Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

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The UNION PACIFIC is the only line running Pullman Drawing-room sleepers and Tourist sleepers through from San Francisco to Chicago daily without change; and only One change of cars between San Francisco and New York and all Eastern Cities. Baggage checked from your hotels or residences through to destination.

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Elegantly equipped Union Pacific Steamers leave San Francisco every four days for Astoria and Portland making direct connection at Portland with railroads for all points north and east.

Special attention paid to the booking of passengers from the Old Country to San Francisco and at the lowest possible rates.

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Ripans Tablets contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, safe, effective. Give immediate relief. Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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Fine Groceries, Foreign and Domestic Liquors Constantly on hand.

THE NEW HIGH ARM SINGER

Try One Before Purchasing.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL, also

Grand Silver Medal.

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PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR

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COLLEGE NOTRE DAME,

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FOUNDED 1851. INCORPORATED 1865. FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

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— FOR —

REPARATION! -o- THANKSGIVING. INTERCESSION!

{ 7000 Guineas Required }

Every giver or collector of a guinea becomes a FOUNDER.

Guineas may be paid in installments. Ask for installment card.

Mass Will Be Said Every Saturday In Perpetuity (Forever).

For all Founders Living or Dead.

Large donations may extend over a period of five years. The names of the first 500 FOUNDERS will be engraved on brass tablets within the Sanctuary of the new Shrine—Send at once.

The FOUNDERS' MASS has already commenced.

REV. PHILIP JAMES McCARTY,

Shrine of Our Lady of Dale.

ILKESTON, DERBYSHIRE, England.

Chas. Maritzen,



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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - CALIFORNIA.  
DANIEL O'CONNELL, - - - Editor

SATURDAY.....OCTOBER 8, 1892.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

Gospel, St. Matt. ix. 1-8: Jesus cures the sick man of the palsy.

9—Sunday—St. Louis Bertrand, Confessor.

10—Monday—St. Francis Boagia, Confessor.

11—Tuesday—St. Tarachus and Comp. Martyrs.

12—Wednesday—St. Wilfrid, Bishop and Confessor.

13—Thursday—St. Edward, King and Confessor.

14—Friday—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.

15—Saturday—St. Teresa, Virgin.

DURING the free-trade era the number of persons engaged in the manufacturing industry in this country increased at the average rate of 35,000 a year; after 1860 and under protection the increase was at the rate of 76,600 a year until 1880. Since 1880 the increase has been about 125,000 a year.

WHILE the United States during the free-trade period, 1840 to 1860, only increased its production of coal at the rate of 740,000 tons a year, Great Britain during the same years increased her output at the rate of 2,250,000 tons a year. Since 1860 the increase in our annual output has exceeded that of Great Britain 25 per cent.

THE annual increase in the production of grain in the United States since 1860 has been double that noted during the preceding twenty years. The per capita production of grain has increased during the protection era, although the annual increase of population has been double that of the free-trade era.

THE long promised edition of the "Monitor" in its new form is to hand, and is a very pretty piece of typographical art and arrangement, greatly resembling the "Argonaut" in all except the literary portion. What it gains in appearance it loses in ability to handle news features. The magazine form is not adapted to newspapers. But three or four Catholic papers in the United States use this style, it not being found practicable or acceptable to its readers. For a review or journal devoted entirely to literary matters it is just the thing. As the diocesan organ, it will always have a certain clientele, but the masses who form the bulk of its readers, will we think, long for the old form which became so endeared to them during the incumbency as editor of the late lamented S. J. McCormick.

## ON ITS LAST LEGS.

ALIEN landlordism has now to fight for its life in this country. Apparently the fight against it was begun and to be settled five years ago, but after carrying the outworks of the position the battle came down to a skirmish and stopped. Congress passed the Alien Land Law early in 1886, forbidding aliens to acquire land in the territories and left the states to take similar measures for protecting the lands within their own borders. The question was widely discussed at the time

and it seemed that no difficulty would be found in following up the action of Congress. Unhappily the State Legislators have been too busy creating new offices and finding new ways for spending the peoples' money to pay attention to the peoples' interests. Nebraska and Illinois passed a modified Alien Land Law; one or two other states made feeble attempts to follow up the matter and then the movement stopped. The fact that the territories will soon be gone and the Alien Land Law extinguished by the fact of having nothing to apply to while the process of foreign control of American lands is going on faster than ever, has moved Congress to take a hand in the matter again. The only difficulty in the way is a constitutional one. Congress has no power over land titles in the states. The difficulty appears to have been got over however. Congress can at least determine the status of the alien and define what property rights he may have so long as he remains an alien. The bill that has lately been reported to the House of Representatives by the Judiciary Committee takes this ground, declares aliens incapable of taking titles to land in the United States, and forbids the present alien landlords to hold their property for more than ten years. This is an ingenious way of getting around the difficulty and would probably pass muster in the courts. In the face of the apathy of the state legislatures it is perhaps the best way of dealing with the question in spite of the patent objections to the centralizing tendency of such a law. Alien landlordism is the most serious misfortune that can happen to a country and the United States is threatened with a bad form of it.

The notorious Scully tenant farms in Illinois where a vastly more intolerable system of rack-renting and oppression than exists in Ireland was shown up, attracted attention a few years ago. The same system has gained a foothold elsewhere. The report of the Judiciary Committee shows that 21,000,000 acres are now owned by a small group of European capitalists. Probably twice as much more is held in smaller lots in the states and territories, and there is danger that 100,000,000 acres of the railroad land grants will follow them into the hands of the European capitalists who hold the railroad mortgages. If this process is not stopped, America will become what the early adventurers were sent to make her—the slave of Europe. As Congress seems to be the only body able and willing to prevent this, the nation can be well pleased to see the National Legislature carry it out.

## LITERARY PIRATES.

The trouble with most of the congressmen who voted to perpetuate the literary piracy which we Americans have carried on for years for the benefit of a few big publishing houses was that they had given the subject very little thought. The plea for cheap books is one of the most deceitful as it is one of the most specious. The man who invented it knew that it would touch a sensitive American fire—the passionate desire for the free education of all citizens. Among people who have not given the subject much thought it seems that the most natural means in the world to educate the masses is to give them cheap reading matter. This is true as far as regards newspapers and periodicals but it does not hold good with books. The newspaper is a general educator—the best that can be devised because it is so many-sided and comes home to so great a diversity of minds. But with books, cheapness is not a desideratum unless the soundest judgment be exercised in selection. Our copyright law which for years

has been an offense in the nostrils of all honest Americans, has simply deluged us with cheap reprints of foreign books, most of which have hurt instead of helping their readers. Statistics show that nearly seventy percent of the reprints of foreign works are novels, and of these fully one-third are made up of translations from the French and other languages of Continental Europe.

The majority of these French imitations are morally rotten and unfit to be introduced into any family. Most of the novels of Lola, Sardon, De Maupassant, Flaubert and other living and dead apostles of realism are as ill suited to general reading by Americans as the obscene publications that are issued secretly, and upon which the law lays its heavy hand. Nothing better can be said of the work of George Moore and his school in England. And yet the absence of any copyright law permits any huckster who has types and presses to get out cheap editions of these vile novels, and spread them broadcast over the land. With international copyright these novels would sell for about \$1.50 a volume; without it you may buy them for 25 cents and shy them at the midnight cat on the back yard fence. To raise the price of this pestilential stuff would be in the interest of public morals. The good foreign books are never handled by these American literary pirates, as there isn't demand enough to make the venture profitable, save in the case of two or three literary sensations of a season. The good books are issued in fair style and the American reader pays about as much for them now as he would under an honest copyright law. If we were to touch upon the rights of authors and the principles of fair play, it would require a column to do justice to the subject. The rating of the product of a man's brain with the output of a machine would never occur to anyone but the American Philistine. It is so exquisitely absurd a protection argument that it would be howled down in any other country and from the present outlook it will not be long before it is contemptuously put out of sight here. It was fitted for the colonial period of our civilization, not for the last decade of this century.

## PROTESTANT BOOKS ABANDONED.

A Subject Our Diocesan School Board Don't Relish.

Quite a change has been made this year in the text books used in St. Edward's parochial schools of Cleveland, and a change which will, very likely, be followed in the near future in other schools of the diocese. The pastor, Rev. M. A. Scanlon, is himself an experienced teacher and he has devoted much of his time for years past in the various class rooms of his schools, and the change he has made is the result of a long period of careful thought and consideration, after a thorough examination of various approved text books. Father Scanlon's decision has freed the children of his schools from the grasp of that grinding monopoly, the American Book Company, by rejecting and discarding Ray's series of arithmetics and Harvey's grammars and replacing them with the arithmetics and grammars compiled by the Christian Brothers.

The Catholic National series of Readers, commonly known as "Gilmour's Readers," and published by Benziger Bros. have been superseded by the Excelsior Readers of Wm. H. Sadlier, which are pronounced by Father Scanlon and several other competent critics to be far superior to those formerly used in this diocese.

We hope soon to be able to announce that the very best text books to be had are in use in every Catholic school in the country, and that our schools are thus entirely free from the yoke of the book trusts which sell to the public school children at lower figures than to the attendants of Catholic parochial schools. This is what the American Book Company, successors of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. and other monopolistic firms is doing to-day.—Catholic Knight.

## The Teeth.

If you are unfortunate enough to need the services of a dentist why not go to a first class one. Dr. T. H. Morris of 47 Post street, corner Kearny, is one of the very best.

## PARISH NEWS.

Sunday, the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, was appropriately celebrated with imposing ceremonies. Immediately preceding high mass came the blessing of the roses. The altar was ablaze with light and redolent with the perfume of thousands of pink, white and yellow roses, which were blessed by the reverend Father Prior, after which they were distributed among the immense congregation by the members of St. Dominic's auxiliary. Then followed a solemn high mass with Very Rev. Father Alphonse Riley as celebrant, Rev. T. Fitzsimons, deacon, and Rev. A. Dyson, sub-deacon. Rev. Father Newell preached a very entertaining sermon on the origin and mysteries of the Rosary, giving a complete history of the devotion. High mass was concluded at 12:30 and the annual rosary procession around the premises, was soon after commenced. As each division formed it passed in front of the altar and down the center aisle of the church to the street where it was marshalled by Thos. J. Sheerin and James P. Sweeney. The order observed was as follows:

First division—Cross-bearer, Hugh Meehan with two acolytes, one on each side; rosary banner, P. J. White; rosarians, girls' procession march, Miss Durand; banner, first joyful mystery, Edward Myrick; Sunday school girls, Miss Durand; banner, second joyful mystery, James White; Christian Doctrine Society, Miss Durand.

Second division, R. D. Quinlan, marshal—Banner, third joyful mystery, Bert Kenny; Holy Name Society, junior branch, R. D. Quinlan; banner, fourth joyful mystery, James McLane; Sunday school boys, James Coffey; banner, fifth joyful mystery, J. Bird; Holy Name Society, senior branch, R. D. Quinlan.

Third division—Banner, first sorrowful mystery, Mr. Lewis; banner, second sorrowful mystery, Mr. Moore; banner, third sorrowful mystery, Mr. McKeown; Third Order of St. Dominic (lady members), William Rooney; banner, fourth and fifth sorrowful mysteries, ladies of the congregation.

Fourth division—Banner, first glorious mystery, Thomas Martin; Third Order of St. Dominic (gentlemen); banner, second glorious mystery, James Talbot; gentlemen of the congregation; banner of the fourth glorious mystery; St. Dominic's Auxiliary, church choir.

Fifth division—Banner, fifth glorious mystery, Nicholas Walsh; St. Dominic's Sanctuary Society; statue of the Virgin Mary, borne by Jos. Stutz, William Himmelman, Thomas O'Neil and Chas. Brignardillo; Dominican Fathers; prior with ministers.

The procession marched slowly round the block, repeating the fifteen decades of the rosary.

One of the prettiest features was the rosarians, little girls from five years of age to about 12, all dressed in white and wearing white veils. There were 104 of them in line, walking in couples, and they presented a most charming picture.

The members of the Sanctuary Society were all dressed in new soutanes, sashes and lace surplices, and looked very neat.

The rear of the procession was just leaving the church as the van approached the entrance so that it practically encircled the whole block.

It was a most imposing and impressive sight and was witnessed by hundreds of people who lined the opposite sidewalks and crowded around the steps of the church.

After the procession had all entered the church the litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung and roses were distributed to those who had not received them in the morning.

The music, under the direction of Miss Desmond, the organist, was excellent, and was the same as the program published in last week's Witness.

Very Rev. Father Riley sang the solemn vespers in the evening, the sermon being preached by Rev. Father Maher.

## ST. JAMES.

The fair in aid of this church for which elaborate preparations have been made will open in a hall especially erected for that purpose on the corner of Twenty-third and Valencia streets, on Monday evening. The ladies have done so far everything in their power to make it a success. The tables and booths will be in charge of the following ladies:

Refreshment Booth.—Mesdames Connor, Sullivan, Hunt, Dunne, Curran, Lynch, Maher, Iver, McCloskey Robinson, Leahy.

Sunday School Booth.—Misses Nellie Walsh, Mary Mackey, Gertrude Connell, Mesdames David Barry and Jerome Hickey.

Fancy Booth No. 3.—Mesdames Fazzackerley, Connell, McShane, Hogue, Bishop, Daly, Misses Louisa O'Neill, and Mamie Fazzackerley.

Children of Mary Booth.—Miss Winnie Higgins and Children of Mary, assisted by Mesdames McGovern, Ambrose, Brannagan, McManus, Smith and Byrne.

Fancy Booth No. 5.—Mesdames Bolger, McArdle, Bernard, William Connolly, McCoy and the Misses McArdle, Bernard, Wall, Shea and Finnin.

Fancy Booth No. 6.—Mesdames Eu-

gene Murphy, O. E. Brady, Jeremiah O'Reilly, Kessler, Cooney and the Misses Hayes, Leary, Nellie O'Reilly and Rita Kelly.

Fancy Booth No. 7.—Mrs. Peter McCarthy, Mrs. Salton, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Fox and the Misses Tessie Needham, Brown and Gilligan.

Fancy Booth No. 8.—Miss Lizzie Foote, Mrs. Flaherty, Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Rattigan, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Cronogue, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry and Miss Maggie Kelleher.

Fancy Booth No. 9.—Mrs. Nagle, Mrs. O'Donnell, Mrs. McGouldrick, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. Cronin, Miss Annie Copeland, Miss Lane and Miss Linehan.

Sodality Booth.—Misses Rose and Mary Manohay, Nora Sullivan, Kate and Nellie Hampton, Mary Cooney, Katie Ahern and the young ladies of the Sodality.

Fancy Booth No. 11.—Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Daniel McKenna assisted by the Misses Connell, Hannigan and Doggett.

Voting Booth.—Misses Julia Sullivan and Tessie Royleam.

Candy Stand.—Miss Walsh.

Shooting Gallery.—Francis Kessler and Mr. Hagan.

Flower Booth.—Miss Tessie Wall and Miss Mamie Shea.

Musical Director.—Dr. Sieberst.

## ST. PETER'S.

One hundred and sixty-seven children were confirmed by his Grace Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. The boys were under charge of the Christian Brothers, while the girls were in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. His Grace was assisted by Fathers Lynch, Casey, Lyons and McDonald. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed, after which the seventy-five boys took the pledge of the League of the Cross.

The mission for the young men which has been in progress during the week will close to-morrow night with a sermon on temperance. It has been well attended during the week.

Next Tuesday evening the children of the parochial school will give a grand Columbian entertainment in the school hall.

A retreat for the children about to make their first communion will commence next Wednesday. The children will receive on Sunday, the 16th inst.

## ST. BONIFACE.

The feast of St. Francis Assisi was solemnized with due impressiveness and ceremony, on last Tuesday. From 6 o'clock Masses were celebrated every hour, and at 10 o'clock the church was crowded with the faithful. At 10:30 o'clock a solemn high mass was celebrated, Rev. Father Rielly, O. P., being celebrant; Rev. Father Fitzsimons, O. P., deacon, and Rev. Father Netterville, O. P., sub-deacon. Rev. Father Raffo, S. J., preached the sermon.

## BERKELEY.

The fair which is being held in St. Joseph's Hall, Berkeley, is well attended and promises to be a success. It will close next Monday.

## NOTES.

The sacrament of confirmation will be administered by his Grace Arch-bishop Riordan, at St. Patrick's church, West Oakland, to-morrow at 3:30 o'clock.

Next Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the Young Men's Literary Club of St. Paul's parish, will present the historical drama entitled "Columbus the Discoverer of America."

Rev. Father Larkin is endeavoring to organize a sodality of young ladies at the old Cathedral. The parish is rather sparse in population, but as Father Larkin is possessed of an indomitable will, he will succeed.

The Sisters of Mercy, of Grass Valley, in order to liquidate the indebtedness which still lies on their Music Hall, for improvements recently made, will give a grand musical and literary entertainment on the evening of Columbus day the 21st inst.

The fair in aid of St. Francis de Sales Church, Oakland, will open next Wednesday.

The Presentation Sisters, at Taylor and Ellis street, in charge of Sacred Heart Convent, have lately opened a department for small boys, of whom about twenty are in daily attendance.

## Death of Mrs. De Laveaga.

Mrs. Marie le Breton de Laveaga, who recently built the Church of Santa Maria in Contra Costa County, and wife of Manuel de Laveaga, the capitalist, daughter of Mrs. Julia Le Breton and sister of A. J. and E. J. Le Breton, the latter being the President of the French Saving and Loan Society, died at her residence, 1228 Geary street, on Tuesday last. She was well known both as a leader of society and by reason of her many charities, and her death will be regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, as well as by the many objects of her beneficence. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Paris, and was the mother of several children. Funeral took place yesterday from St. Mary's Cathedral where a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of her soul.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.

PROFESSION AT GRASS VALLEY.  
Two Novices Receive the Black Veil at Mt. St. Marys.

Our Lady of Mercy surely bestowed a tender smile on the Convent in Grass Valley when from heaven she beheld the manner in which her feast-day was being celebrated, for, as we know, nothing is so pleasing to her as the honor we render to her Divine Son. Gifts of flowers and lights, even of gold and precious gems, the richest the earth can yield, are as nothing to that other offering unworthy, 'tis true, yet the greatest that a poor weak mortal can make—the sacrifice of one's self to God.

And this offering was made on the 24th of September by Sisters Mary Vincent and Mary Clare. These young ladies are the same who two years ago were received into the Order of Mercy here. Both hail from the Isle of Saints, and from the same county, noble Wexford.

Sister Mary Vincent, in the world Miss Ellen O'Connor, belongs to the O'Connors of Peppard's Castle, a family which has occupied the same holding for one hundred and fifty years. They may be proud of her, their worthy representative in this far western land.

Sister Mary Clare's world name, Miss Teresa Walsh, will bring to the minds of many her girlhood's home at Eastlands, the scene of social joy and innocent amusement of which she was herself the very soul. Neither of these ladies is the first of her family to choose "the better part," several members of each having embraced the ecclesiastical and the religious state.

Doubtless many of your readers have had the privilege of witnessing a religious profession. Such will agree that it is a deeply touching ceremony. From the moment the procession of black-robed nuns enters the chapel until the professed prostrate themselves before the living presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament, there is a spiritual influence brooding over the scene which dispels all worldly thoughts and makes an ineffable impression.

In this instance the chapel sanctuary was one galaxy of twinkling lights, backed by lovely flowers, all gleaming through fragrant clouds of incense. Above and around the tabernacle these lights, whether by accident or design, formed in flaming points the shape of a heart, inclined slightly forward as if to typify the yearning tenderness of the Sacred Heart towards the two generous souls then consecrating their lives "to the service of the poor, sick and ignorant."

The officiating priest was Rev. Father P. A. McDonald who celebrated the holy sacrifice of the mass, also blessing the rings and veils and interrogating the novices. He was assisted by Rev. Father Twomey of Smartsville who delivered the sermon. It was most eloquent and appropriate. His counsels to the new members of the order to cultivate a diffidence in self and a firm reliance on God were eminently practical, as were, in fact, all the points of the sermon which was listened to with rapt attention not only by the Sisters, but also by a number of ladies present not of our faith.

These latter expressed much admiration for the noble work of the Order of Mercy here and throughout the world, and of the great sacrifice the novices were making in thus severing themselves for life from home and friends.

Tears were in the eyes of many at the solemn moment when each novice made her vows in the actual presence of her Divine Lord, he'd before her in the uplifted hand of God's anointed. How consoling that through the portal of the lips then pronouncing in clear tones those irrevocable promises, would enter Jesus, the Beloved Spouse, to unite His adorable heart to that poor, frail human heart now His alone forever. At the close was sung the Psalm "Ecce quam bonum," during which each member of the community embraced the Sisters. Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament concluded all.

Those invited to the ceremony were then conducted to a refreshment room where an elegant *dejeuner* was set forth, during the course of which sweet, gentle-faced novices flitted hither and thither, serving the guests.

Congratulations were then showered on the two new "black veils," who, as one of the ladies present expressed it, "have added their wisdom and strength to the good community of Sisters who have labored so long and so faithfully in Grass Valley."

Ah! yes, no longer shall their gentle fingers turn the pages of the "Little Manual of Novices," but from henceforth they will read in the "Book of the Professed," until death shall unite them in that heaven for which they have striven to the spouse for whom they have left their "nearest and dearest" on earth.

## CORRESPONDENT.

## When Nature.

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.



**A Grand Welcome Extended to all Vis-  
iting Members—Entertainment Af-  
forded—Business Transacted.**

RECAPITULATION.

Number of members at last report, 55; number of members initiated, admitted by card, 265; reinstated, suspended, 1,014; expelled, 11; re-  
duced, 100; withdrawn, 53; died, 51; dropped from roll dissolved councils, 2; dropped by consolidation, 250; on June 30th, 1891, 5779; total gain, 1,006; total loss, 576; num-  
ber of members in California, 4,854; Oregon, 229; in Washington, 516; in Idaho, 136; in Montana, 83; in British Columbia, 215; amount in treasuries at report, 327,132 46; amount of re-  
ceipts, \$69,327 13; of disbursements, \$177 35; lost by dissolved and consol-  
idated councils, \$359 35; in treasuries,

224. Sb

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No other article of human food receives greater care in its production, or has attained higher perfection. Dr. Price's Cream is surely a perfect baking powder. Free from every taint of impurity. No other article used in the kitchen has so many steadfast friends among the housewives of America.

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Some Houses of Retreats in North America," with nine illustrations, throw light on the general intention of our Holy Father has appointed this month "The Spirit of the

The Holy Father has ordered that the first day of October to the second of November, five decades of the year, with the litany of Loretto, are to be recited in all public parochial churches. The following indulgences are gained by the faithful who during this time fulfill the conditions:

**H. Koehncke**  
Regular Democratic Nominee.

**RELIEF** and is an infallible cure for flims. Price \$1. By Drugists or mail. Samples free. Address: "I WAKES," Box 2410, New York City.

**RESTORE YOUR EYESIGHT** FIN  
 cataracts, scars or flims can be absorbed and  
 vision restored, without the knife  
 risk. Dissolved eyes or lids can be cured by  
 home treatment. "We prove it. Here"  
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— DER —  
eine Hermann.  
GOLDEN GATE

**U. Luebbin,**  
Manufacturer of  
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## THE PLAYMATES.

Who are thy playmates, boy?  
"My favorite is Joy."  
Who brings with him his sister Peace, to stay  
The living day.  
I love them both; but he  
Is most to me."  
And where thy playmates now,  
O man of sober brow?  
"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest is dead.  
But I have wed  
Peace, and our babe, a boy.  
Newborn, is Joy."  
—J. B. Taff in Harper's Young People.

## ALL FOR SCIENCE.

A few years ago the Magruder lived in Bedford, and Mrs. Magruder, who was an enthusiastic amateur doctor, used to teach a class of female friends the rudiments of physiology. At that time Magruder was in business, and as he generally came home tired he had a habit of lying on the up stairs sitting room sofa in the evening for the purpose of taking a nap.

Several times when he did so and Mrs. Magruder had some friends with her down stairs he noticed upon awaking that there was a peculiar heaviness in his head and a queer smell of drugs in the room. When he questioned Mrs. Magruder about it she invariably colored and looked confused and said he must have eaten something which had disagreed with him.

Ultimately the suspicions of Magruder were aroused. He suspected something wrong. A horrible thought crossed his mind that Mrs. Magruder intended to poison him for his skeleton—to sacrifice him so that she could dangle his bones on a string before her class, and explain to the seekers after medical truth the peculiarities of construction which enabled the framework of her husband to move in society.

So Magruder revealed his suspicions to his brother, and engaged to secrete himself in a cupboard in the room while he took his usual nap on a certain evening upon the sofa.

When that night arrived Mrs. Magruder pretended to have a "sewing circle" in the parlor, while her husband went to sleep up stairs in the sitting room with that vigilant relative of his on guard.

About 9 o'clock Mr. Magruder's brother was surprised to observe Mrs. Magruder softly stealing upstairs, with the members of the "sewing circle" following her noiselessly in single file. In her hand Mrs. Magruder carried a volume. If her brother-in-law had conceived the idea that the book might contain the tender strains of some sweet singer amid whose glowing imagery this woman revelled with the ecstasy of a sensitive nature, he would have been mistaken, for the work was entitled "Thompson on the Nervous System," while those lines traced in a delicate female hand upon the perfumed note paper carried by Mrs. Magruder, so far from embodying an expression of the gentlest and most sacred emotions of her bosom, were merely a diagnosis of an aggravated case of fatty degeneration of the heart.

When the whole party had entered the room Mrs. Magruder closed the door and applied chloroform to her husband's nose. As soon as he became completely insensible the sewing in the hands of the ladies was quickly laid aside, and to Magruder's secret brother was disclosed the alarming fact that this was her class.

Mrs. Magruder began her lecture with some very able remarks upon the nervous system, and in order to demonstrate her meaning more plainly she attached a galvanic battery to her husband's toes so that she might make him wriggle before the class. And he did wriggle. Mrs. Magruder gave him a dozen or two shocks and poked him with a ruler to make him jump, while the others stood in a semicircle with notebooks in their hands and exclaimed, "How very interesting!"

Magruder's brother thought it awful, but he was afraid to come out when he reflected that they might want two skeletons. Mrs. Magruder then said that she would pursue this branch of the investigation no further at that moment, because Mr. Magruder's system was somewhat debilitated in consequence of an overdose of chlorate of potash, which she had administered in the purpose of testing the strength of the drug.

Mrs. Magruder then proceeded to "quiz" the class concerning the general construction of her husband. She said, for instance, that she had won what was called the heart of Mr. Magruder, and she asked the students what it was that she had really won.

"Why, the cardiac, of course," said the class. "It is an azgyous muscle of an irregular pyramid shape, situated obliquely and a little to the left side of the chest, and it rests on the diaphragm."

"One fair young thing said that it did not rest on the diaphragm. Another one said she would bet a quart of paregoric it did, and until the dispute was settled by the professor Magruder's brother's hair stood on end with fear lest they should go to probing inside of Magruder with a butcher's knife and a lantern for the purpose of determining the actual condition of affairs respecting his diaphragm."

Mrs. Magruder continued. She explained that when she accepted Mr. Magruder he seized her hand, and she required the class to explain what it was that Mr. Magruder actually had hold of.

The students replied that he held in his grip twenty-seven distinct bones, among which might be mentioned the phalanges, the carpus and the metacarpus. The beautiful creature who was inquired of concerning the diaphragm suggested that he also had hold of the deltoid. But the others scornfully suggested that the deltoid was a muscle. The discussion became so exciting that lancets were drawn, and there seemed to be a prospect of bloodshed when the teacher interfered and demanded of the girl who had begun to cry about the

deltoid what was the result when Mr. Magruder kissed her.

"Why, merely a contraction of the orbicularis oris muscle, thus," said the student as she leaned over and kissed Mr. Magruder.

Magruder's brother in the cupboard thought maybe it wasn't so very solemn for Mr. Magruder after all. He considered this portion of the exercises in a certain sense soothing. But all the students said it was perfectly scandalous, and Mrs. Magruder, after informing the offender that hereafter when illustration of any point of the lesson was needed it would be supplied by herself, ordered her to go to the foot of the class and to learn eighty new bones as a punishment.

"Do you hear me, miss?" demanded Mrs. Magruder when she perceived that that contractor of the orbicularis oris muscle did not budge.

"Yes," she said, "I am conscious of a vibration striking against the membrana tympanum, and being transmitted through the labyrinth until it agitates the auditory nerve, which conveys the impression to the brain."

"Correct," said the professor. "Then obey me, or I will call my biceps and flexors and scapularis into action and put you in your place by force."

"Yes, and we will help her with our spinatus and infraspinatus," exclaimed the rest of the class.

Magruder's brother in the gloom of his cupboard did not comprehend the character of these threats, but he had a vague idea that the life of that lovely young sawbones was menaced by fire-arms and other engines of war of a peculiarly deadly description. He felt that the punishment was too severe for the crime. Magruder himself, he was convinced, would have regarded that orbicularis operation with courageous fortitude and heroic composure.

Mrs. Magruder then proceeded to give the class practice in certain operations in medical treatment. She vaccinated Magruder on the left arm, while one of the students bled his right arm and showed her companions how to tie up a vein. They applied leeches to his nose under the professor's instructions; they cupped him on the shoulder blades; they exercised themselves in spreading mustard plasters on his back; they timed his pulse; they held out his tongue with pinchers and examined it with a microscope, and two or three enthusiastic students kept hovering round Magruder's leg with a saw and a carving knife until Magruder's brother in retirement in the cupboard shuddered with apprehension.

At last Magruder began to revive. He turned over; he sat up; he stared wildly at the company; he looked at his wife; then he sank back upon the sofa and said to her in a feeble voice:

"Henrietta, somehow or other I feel awfully funny."

Funny! Magruder's brother considered that after the performance of the class Magruder ought to feel funny enough to edit a comic paper. He emerged from the cupboard, and seizing a chair determined to tell the whole story. Mrs. Magruder and the class screamed, but he proceeded. Then up rose Magruder and discussed the subject with vehemence, while his brother brandished his chair and joined in the chorus.

Mrs. Magruder and the class cried, and said Mr. Magruder was a brute and had no love for science. But Mr. Magruder said that as for himself, "Hang science!" when a woman became so infatuated with it as to chop up her husband to help it along. And his brother said that he ought to put it in even stronger terms than that.—Yankee Blade.

## Nests of Water Birds.

With all birds, so far as I am able to learn, the exit is a point of observation for the sifter, from which it can get a view of friends and foes. The owls and hawks from an elevated position can command a fine view of the surroundings. With all aquatic birds the sifter almost invariably occupies a position presenting toward the water. Shore birds, as the sandpipers, rest on their nests in a position to best view the stream or pond. Rails and gallinules face the water, the latter usually building so that they can plunge from their homes directly into their favorite channels.

The loon, which builds or rather forms its nest away out from shore in a mass of vegetable matter, usually the foundation of an old muskrat's house, invariably faces the open deep water. From that position it can slide into the lake at a second's notice. Any one can prove this position of the loon by examining the premises when the owner is away. The nest proper is a trouglieike depression, evidently formed by the bird's efforts at hollowing rather than in building up the sides. This oblong depression is 1½ feet long and over 10 inches wide, and the eggs are always placed from three-fifths to two-thirds of the distance from the front end.—Science.

## Not a Homelike Greeting.

"Home once more!" muttered the weary man as he leaned on his well worn staff and surveyed the village. "The hope that has hitherto buoyed me up now almost deserts me, and I gaze around at the strange faces and shapes that have sprung up in the streets. How different is everything from what I left it when a boy! Where is the old familiar baker's shop around the corner outside of which we used to spin our tops? Where the cheery old wheelwright? And—can it be possible—they have pulled down the church and built a policeman. 'Muddleton ain't the place for the likes of you!'"

"Muddleton!" echoed the weary traveler. "Where's Puddleton, then?" "Twenty mile on." "And so it was. He had mistaken the road and come to the wrong village." London Tit-Bits.

## Doubly Terrible.

Little Dick—Why are you girls so afraid of bats?  
Little Dot—Oo! A bat is a mouse on wings.—Good News.

## OFF THE BATTERY.

Tugs and Ferryboats in a Tangle, and a Girl in Red Who Liked Gum.

A few minutes before noon the other day a tow of twenty-two loaded canalboats swung briskly around the Battery from the North river. The column was formed of four fours and two threes, and was headed by two big tugs. On one of the canalboats a girl in a vivid red calico dress and with bare legs swung in a hammock and chewed gum. There was a strong ebb tide, so when the big tugs with their unusually long tow lines had puffed up the East river almost to the foot of Wall street and had slowed up, the twenty-two canalboats bounded back like balls at the end of rubber cords, lifting the two lines dripping from the water.

The line of boats wrapped itself snugly across the openings of five ferry slips. Five ferryboats wanted to get out and could not. Five ferryboats—the Bay Ridge, Staten Island, South Brooklyn, Hamilton avenue and Atlantic street—wanted to get in and could not. They all whistled hoarsely, and the passengers crowded to the sides of the boats to see what was the matter.

Thousands of people on the ten locked in and locked out ferryboats saw the red girl in the hammock, but she swung and chewed unconcernedly.

The river became dotted with tugboats which wanted to get in other slips, or which just puffed up along to see the row. The biggest of the big tugs at the head of the tow whistled for assistance, and six tugs glided up alongside of the canalboats and made fast. Then nobody seemed to know just what was wanted and a deafening lot of whistle signals were sounded.

The captains of the ten ferryboats began making impolite remarks to the captains of the eight tugs; the deckhands on the ferryboats became purple in the face with suppressed emotion; the deckhands of the canalboats drowned the screaming whistles with strange oaths such as are used to exhort towpath mules, and thousands of delayed passengers were bathed in sympathetic perspiration, but that bare legged girl swung on.

The wharves became lined with idlers, who gave advice. Policemen appeared. Other ferryboats, lighters, tenders, annexes, transports and more tugs came up. They all whistled. The delayed passengers lost their sympathy; the captains ceased to swear for the want of breath; the deckhands howled hoarsely, and when everybody was on the verge of dissolution the canalboats were pushed up against the wharves where they belonged.

The girl in the red calico gown swung peacefully and chewed her gum in placid meditation.—New York Sun.

## Blossoming Fruit Trees.

The peach is always beautiful in flower, but occasionally some individual tree is almost startling in its attractiveness. The rule seems to be that the finer sorts of peaches have less conspicuous bloom. The handsomest trees in flower are the wild ones along the wayside in Kentucky, Missouri and Arkansas. Some of these ought to be selected and treated purely as flowering trees.

Cherries, so far as I know, do not have blossoms which sport into colors, but a morello is sufficiently attractive in white. It is a complete globe of flowers, and small enough to occupy a place in an ordinary shrubbery. Then, too, it has a capacity for blooming when very young, and a tree three years old will burst into a miniature flower garden three or four feet in diameter.

There are few shrubs which can rival the beauty of a quince tree in full bloom. I had a small orchard of forty of these trees covered with flowers and it was a superb spectacle. I grew a few of them in my shrubbery for the sake of the flowers alone, although the pale flower is a delight to the eye. There are few finer shrubs than the dwarf apples, and both the apples and cherries can be managed very readily in this way.—Cor. Garden and Forest.

## Arsenic Poisoning.

Arsenic, so deadly in acute poisoning, is also greatly dangerous to those who use it in their daily work. Much cheap wall paper is colored with arsenic. Chronic poisoning by it in its earlier stages is particularly disagreeable. The eyes, nose and throat are inflamed so that the patient continually complains that the cat is in his head. A cold in having a cold in his head. A cold in having a cold in his head. A cold in having a cold in his head.

As arsenical poisoning progresses the person suffering with it is salivated. He shows nervous symptoms; his limbs may be numb, or on the other hand, painfully awake to the slightest sensation. He faints, he has convulsions, he dies of exhaustion.—New York World.

## A Needed Invention.

One of the inventions which needs to be made is a checkrein which can be operated from the vehicle behind without the trouble of alighting. Many a thirty horse is driven past too lazy to get out because his driver is too lazy to get out and uncheck him, and it is hardly once in a thousand times that the ascent of a heavy hill is made easy by allowing the horse the use of two-thirds of it—all he has instead of reined up. The man who patents a checkrein which can be safely adjusted from the carriage will make his fortune and be canonized by the horses and S. P. C. A.—Kate Field's Washington.

## A Question Solved.

Shall a man take off his hat to a maid-servant who is employed in his household, and if not what shall he do when he chances to meet her? This matter has been gravely discussed in London, and it has occurred to some one to suggest that the man need not do anything until the maid, exercising woman's universal prerogative, has signified that she is graciously pleased to recognize him in public.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A HARDWORKING WOMAN.

All day she hurried to get through. The same as lots of wimmin do. Sometimes at night her husband said, "Ma, ain't you goin to come to bed?" An then she'd kinder give a hitch. An pause half way between a stitch. An sorter sigh, an say that she was ready as she'd ever be.

She reckoned. An so the years went, one by one. An somehow she was never done. An when the angel said as how, "Mis Smith, it's time you rested now," She sorter raised her eyes to look A second, as a stitch she took. "All right, I'm comin now," says she. "I'm ready as I'll ever be, I reckon."

—Albert S. Paine in Kansas City Journal.

## PEG WESSON.

It was in March, 1745, and the company raised in Gloucester to join the expedition against Louisburg was to leave town with the rising of the morrow's sun. In the spring twilight three young men made their way, with noisy jest and song, toward a wretched cottage that stood in the outskirts of the town and rapped loudly for admittance.

The door was opened by a withered old crone. A candle, burning on a small table, dimly revealed the blackened walls of the interior, the bunches of herbs hanging from the ceiling, a scant supply of battered pewter plates and coarse earthenware on some shelves in a corner, a few old chairs and a pack of worn and greasy cards apparently just flung down.

"What ye here for? Off with ye!" cried the old woman when she saw who her visitors were.

"Oh, now, Peggy," said the tallest of the three in a wheedling tone, "we're off in the morning for Louisburg, you know, and we thought we'd pay you a farewell visit and get our fortunes told."

"I'll warrant ye've no siller to pay me!" Martin Sanders, said Peggy, keeping a firm grip on the door and pushing it a little closer as she spoke.

"Here's a bright new silver sixpence for ye," displaying it as he spoke, "and Tom and Job have more of the same sort. So now let us come in and give us a good send off."

The money proved an argument not to be gainsaid, and Peggy admitted them. When they were seated she took up her cards, shuffled them and proceeded to tell the young men's fortunes.

Job Ayers came first, then Tom Goodwin. When Martin Sanders' turn came, and Goody Wesson crossed his palm with the coin he handed her, his imperturbable gravity, contrasted with the irrepressible snickering of his companions, made her suddenly suspicious. She gave him a searching glance; then, as she was about to place the coin on the table with the others, she scrutinized it keenly and balanced it on her hand.

Ayers and Goodwin giggled and moved toward the door. But not the ghost of a smile passed over Martin Sanders' face. Peg struck the coin smartly against the base of the iron candlestick and listened to the sound, then pressed it against the edge of the table. It bent with the pressure.

"Curse ye, Mart Sanders," she cried in a sudden fury: "it's lead!" Then Martin Sanders laughed, and the three, roaring with laughter at the result of their poor trick, opened the door of Goody Wesson's cot and rushed out into the night.

She ran after them, brandishing her staff and raving like a mad woman. "Curse ye, Mart Sanders!" she screamed; "curse th' three of ye, body and breath, flesh and bone! Curse ye lying down and rising up, sleeping and waking, living and dying! I'll take vengeance on ye at Louisburg!" The night wind bore the dismal threat and its repetition to their ears and silenced their laughter as they ran down the hill to their homes in the more thickly settled part of the town.

The great fleet of nearly 100 vessels, that made up the expedition against Louisburg sailed from Boston on the 1st day of April. Favored by wind and weather it soon reached Cape Breton, and was coasting along the shore of that island toward its destined haven. In many of the vessels the soldiers were watching the hills and woods on shore with the interest inspired by new scenes, but every indentation of the coast was familiar to most of the Gloucester men, for they had often been there on their fishing voyages. Their attention was attracted to the singular movements of a solitary crow that hovered persistently above them, now and then alighting on the topmast.

As they were entering the harbor of Louisburg, Martin Sanders was sent forward to assist in furling the jib. A rope parted suddenly under his feet and he fell headlong into the sea.

The last sound that fell upon his ears before the rushing waters closed over him was the hoarse screaming of the crow. A powerful current was running, and it was only with great difficulty that Sanders was rescued.

When the excitement was over, and the half drowned man was once more safely on deck, the crow had disappeared. The fleet cast anchor in the harbor and countless boats took the men on shore. Before the siege could commence the cannon must be landed and placed in favorable position. It was arduous toil, for the soil was boggy and the men often sank to the knees, but all worked with a will and the guns, one after another, were landed.

Goodwin and Ayers, with others, were dragging a cannon on a sledge through half frozen mud when suddenly with a whirl of wings a crow alighted on it. Job Ayers made a dash at it with his cap. At the very instant that he did so the rear of the sledge sank in the treacherous soil, the cannon gave a sudden lurch and the arm he had flung out was caught between the cannon and sledge and hopelessly crushed. The unfortunate man was carried into camp and his arm amputated.

The work of the siege went on day after day. Foraging parties were sent out sometimes, for the rations were

somewhat stale and monotonous, and there was excellent game in abundance in the vicinity. Sanders and Goodwin made two of such a party one pleasant May afternoon. Often during their hunting they noticed a crow circling near them. They were about returning to camp when Goodwin, striding across some low shrubbery in search of a fallen bird, thrust his foot into an open foxtrap, which closed around his ankle, the sharp points penetrating deep into the flesh. His cry for help was echoed by the "caw! caw!" of the crow.

It was with infinite difficulty that his companions released him. Pale, and half fainting with pain and loss of blood, he looked up at the crow, still near. "I believe it's a witch," he cried. "Peg Wesson, by heavens!" exclaimed Sanders, recalling the witch's curse. He lifted his loaded fowling piece, took steady aim and fired. "Caw! caw! caw!" screamed the crow, derisively winging its onward way unhurt. Martin Sanders, a renowned shot and never known to miss such a mark before. His companions noted his failure with amazement, and though they thought it a poor use for good powder and shot, another and another fired, but with the same result.

"It is surely a witch," cried Goodwin, who, lying on the grass with hastily bandaged ankle, was looking grimly on. "It is surely a witch, and not to be brought down by a leaden bullet. Nothing but silver will bring down a witch." "That's true," cried Martin Sanders. He hastily tore his silver sleeve buttons from his wrist. He wrenched them asunder. It was the work of a minute to load his gun with one of the pieces. The crow was still within gunshot. He took deliberate aim and fired. Wounded in the leg, it fluttered downward in lessening circles and apparently fell in some bushes close by. But careful and prolonged search failed to discover it.

For some days the woodmen who kept Peg Wesson's hut morning and night on their way to and from their work in the forest noticed that there was no smoke in the chimney. "Peg's off on her broomstick," said one.

"There's ill luck for somebody somewhere," said another.

It was a mild and sunny May afternoon and they were busily hewing in the woods when they heard a faint moaning. They heard it repeatedly, and at length, following the sound, they came upon Peg Wesson lying on the ground and unable to get up.

How came she there? They could have sworn that she had not passed them on the path, and who could have made her way through the impenetrable jungle beyond?

Though loath to touch her they helped her to her feet. She was unable to take a step. Her leg was broken. A rude litter was made and she was taken home, uttering maledictions all the way.

A doctor was called. When he examined the fracture he extracted therefrom a small piece of silver which he carefully preserved.

When the soldiers returned from Louisburg, victorious and jubilant at having destroyed the hornet's nest that had long been a torment to Gloucester, they heard with amazement what had befallen Peg Wesson, for in comparing dates they found that she had fallen with the broken leg at the very time that the crow had been shot.

Sanders produced his part of the sleeve buttons. The doctor produced his. They were linked together again and carefully preserved by Martin Sanders and his descendants. Indeed they are kept to this day in the family for aught I know to the contrary. They were brought out and exhibited whenever this remarkable story was told, and it was very often told.

Peg Wesson never recovered from her injury. She died soon after and received decent burial, but there is no stone bearing her name in the old graveyard.

Poor maligned, persecuted Peggy! For thee and such as thou there should indeed be, there must be, some happier sphere where the shadows of earth may be forgotten in the glad sunshine of happiness unknown before.

Peggy's cot, untenanted after her death, long the sport of the elements, has fallen to decay. But if one cares to know where it stood, its site near the old garrison can be pointed out by any of the older inhabitants, for this is no tale of the imagination, but one in which our forefathers and foremothers implicitly believed.—Sarah G. Duley in Boston Transcript.

Digestibility of Foods.

Calf's foot jelly, tripe and rice are the articles of food most easily digested, the time required for the first being only thirty minutes, and for the other two one hour each. Among the fish the short fiber of the whiting, "the chicken of the sea," makes it easily digestible. But the foods that are most easily digested are not always the most nutritious. Thus rice, which is more extensively used as an article of food than anything else, forming as it does the principal diet of a third of the human race, is not nearly so nutritious as wheat or some other grains, though it is far more easily digested than they; more than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water, and it consequently forms more fat than muscle. Digestion is rather hindered by care and worry or ill health. The process usually occupies from two to three hours.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Napoleon's Talisman.

Louis Napoleon, who believed himself, even amid exile and poverty, destined to the throne which the prestige of his name and his cunning coup d'etat enabled him to reach, was not without his superstitions. In his will he says, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." This talisman had no power to turn aside the fatal spears of the Zulus, and the young Napoleon met a sadder fate than his father's worst fears could have imagined for him.—Detroit Free Press.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.  
COMMENCING SUNDAY, APR. 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.  
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30, A. M.  
1:40, 3:40, 5:05, P. M.  
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10, A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:45, 4:05, 5:35, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:35, 10:05, 11:35, A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco		Destination		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days	Sundays			Sundays	Week Days
7:40 A	8:00 A	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A	8:50 A	
3:30 P	9:30 A		6:05 P	10:30 A	
5:05 P	5:00 P		7:25 P	6:10 P	

Leave San Francisco		Destination		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days	Sundays			Sundays	Week Days
7:40 A	8:00 A	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale and Way Stations.	7:25 P	10:30 A	6:10 P
3:30 P	9:30 A		7:25 P	10:30 A	
5:05 P	5:00 P		7:25 P	10:30 A	

Leave San Francisco		Destination		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days	Sundays			Sundays	Week Days
7:40 A	8:00 A	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P	10:30 A	6:10 P
3:30 P	9:30 A		7:25 P	10:30 A	
5:05 P	5:00 P		7:25 P	10:30 A	

Leave San Francisco		Destination		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days	Sundays			Sundays	Week Days
7:40 A	8:00 A	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A	8:50 A	
3:30 P	9:30 A		6:05 P	10:30 A	
5:05 P	5:00 P		6:05 P	10:30 A	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Steward's Point, Guadalupe and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petaluma for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cato, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Healdsburg and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Geyserville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sunday only, to Petaluma, \$1.00; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3.00; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$6.80; to Geyserville,

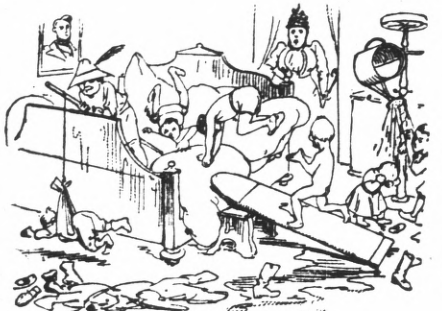




## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

## Sea Bathing at Home.

What's the row? I hear my little friends say as they gaze on the scene herewith illustrated. Well, the juvenile members of the Brown family are having a jolly time playing their new game, which they call "sea bathing at home." The little Browns spent six weeks at the seashore with their parents this year, and as nearly all children do who have



the chance they became very fond of padding and tumbling in the surf. This is their first day home, and while Mrs. Brown is busy in another part of the house her brood of youngsters, having congregated in the spare room, are in imagination enjoying the delights of the seashore once more.

Tom is teaching Fred to swim by holding him up with a piece of rope attached to a curtain pole; Dick is giving Bessie a shower bath, while Jack, George and Mary are turning somersaults into the raging billows from the ironing board, which they have converted into a springboard.

Mother has a surprised look on her face, and you may think she is going to be angry and scold the little revelers; but no. She will smile when she fully comprehends the situation, and she and Mr. Brown will have a big laugh over it when the weary children are tucked away to rest after the afternoon's romp.

## Exercise for the Tongue and Lips.

Now, boys and girls, have you any kinks in your tongues, or does the unruly member sometimes trip you up when you wish to say a few words that you know perfectly well? Of course it doesn't! you say, do you? Oh, you mean if you know the words well enough. I'm not so sure. You know "truly" and you know "rural," don't you? Well, say "truly rural" just as you say "come here," when you are in a hurry. Did you say it? Didn't it seem to run together in your mouth in a strange way?

Say it a dozen times and you will have your tongue limbered up enough to be pretty sure that it does move as you want it. Then say "National Intelligence." That's a good preparation for some sentences which are delusions and snares. Try this first. "She stood at the gate welcoming him in." You will find it hard work to keep those last syllables separate.

Here are two that will bother you to say with even ordinary rapidity and keep the "s-es" and "sh-es" in their true places: "She smells seashells," and "Shoes and socks shock Susan." If you keep from saying "Shusan" you are doing very well.

This last one I have never heard pronounced correctly except when one said it very slowly, dwelling with care on each syllable. Your tongues may be under better control, however. It is, "The sea seetheth and it sufficeth us." If you don't "lithp" over that you may go to the head of the first class in pronunciation.—New York Recorder.

## The Small Boy's Opportunity.

There were several happy colored men and boys on New Jersey avenue in front of the Baltimore and Ohio depot this morning when a basket of marketing accidentally fell from a butcher's wagon. Hardly a second had elapsed after the accident when a small boy had his face buried in the half of a large, luscious watermelon, and soon afterward he had others who were willing to keep him company. The driver was so busily engaged gathering up his meats and vegetables that when he got through there was not a fragment of the melon left for him to feast upon.—Washington Star.

## Our Baby.

Bright eyes! They're baby's eyes,  
Illumined with heaven's own light;  
They seem to tell of sunlit skies,  
Of starland broad and bright.

Sweet lips! They're baby's lips,  
Just smiling for a kiss;  
Not e'en the sweets that humbird sings  
Are half as sweet as this.

Fair face! 'Tis baby's face,  
All fresh and pure from heaven;  
Oh, was there ever such a face  
To other mortal given?



Wee hands! They're baby's hands,  
So dainty and so dear;  
Oh, baby hands, a strong heart's hands  
Are twined about you here.

Wee feet! They're baby's feet—  
Pink, dimpled, soft and small;  
With tiny hands they lightly meet—  
My little life! My all!

Yet this is just one baby life—  
One shrine of worship here—  
How many millions millions more  
Some other hearts hold dear.

—Josie F. Appleman.

## ODE TO A MODERN SHIP.

Child of the dismal mine,  
Compact of chilly steel,  
Flowing the brine  
Thou canst not surely feel  
That sense divine  
Which, urged by sail and oar,  
Constructed, deck to keel,  
Of Pontic pine.

Then every seasoned plank  
That sailed the sea  
Rose softly, softly sank,  
Riding the waves in buoyant majesty.  
And fair white sails,  
Tail spars with streamers decked,  
Bent to the rising gales,  
That with crisp foam the heaving ocean  
flecked.

But thee the summer breeze,  
The roaring winter's blast  
That bows the trees,  
Move not; thou steamest past  
In spite of the gales,  
Not as in days of old;  
Nor in the sultry heat,  
With sullen wheeze,  
Thy furnace fire is coaled,  
And grinning hands thy pulsing pistons grease—  
—E. H. Lacey Watson in Temple Bar.

## Why Men Defer Marriages.

The habits of modern young men are antagonistic to that prudence and preparation which make it possible for them to marry at twenty-five. There are many exceptions of course, but it may be safely said that a vast number of the young men who live in our time find their spare hours with expensive luxuries. It costs them a great deal to dress, and still more to keep up their social engagements. In a score of ways they accustom themselves to ways of life that leave no margin between income and outgo. This having gone on until they are twenty-five it then calls for more resolution than many of them command to begin the sacrifices which accompany the saving of money. Without money they cannot marry.

Not a few greatly exaggerate what it should take two sensible young people to begin life on, and hastily conclude that it would be impossible, on an income of \$1,000, to start in comfort. So they put off marriage until after thirty, or do not marry at all; and it is well that such men should remain single. We do not need any such weak fiber in the coming generation.—John L. Payne in Ladies' Home Journal.

## The Slow Tortoise.

The sluggish motions of common land tortoises or "turtles" lead many persons to underrate their intelligence. This "ridiculous slowness," however, arises from the animal's peculiar structure, and is no proof of dullness.

The legs of a turtle look more like crutches than legs. And though the feet form a strong grapping apparatus for pulling away a heavy weight, who could expect swiftness from such toes? Some large tortoises nevertheless make long journeys with more rapidity than might seem possible. In the Galapagos islands turtles were found by Mr. Darwin able to travel four miles a day—a rate of progress not despicable in creatures provided with such legs; creatures, too, so heavy that six men were often required to lift one of them.—Youth's Companion.

## One Way of Telling the Time.

"I can always tell the time by looking at the people who pass my store door," asserts a Chestnut street merchant. "In the early morning the workmen go down; about 8:30 the clerks and typewriters form the crowd. From 9:30 to 1:30 the solid merchants, bankers and millionaires appear, and then up to 8 o'clock the shopping army of women are in the majority, mingled with the dukes and men of leisure. The solid men next appear on their way home; the clerks and office people follow at 5 o'clock, and from 6 to 7 the workmen and girls walk up the thoroughfare."—Philadelphia Press.

## Great Infantile Acumen.

Great infantile acumen was displayed by the small boy in a suburban town who swallowed a penny. "Kitty," called his alarmed mother to her sister in the next room, "send for the doctor, Willie has swallowed a penny!" "No, mamma," interposed the terrified and frightened victim, "send for the minister."

"Why?" faltered his mother. "Because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."—New York Tribune.

## Storage Batteries for Dwellings.

A company has been formed in Vienna with the idea of serving charged storage battery cells to the houses, in the same way in which milk, ice and other commodities are served. The wagons for supplying these accumulators make regular trips through the suburbs of Vienna daily, distributing their cells fully charged and taking away others whose energy has been exhausted.—Exchange.

## A Plausible Explanation.

"Ethel jilted that magnificent creature Ponsonby, and now she is the center of attraction for about twenty-five miserable duds." "That's all right. She simply turned her first love into small change. It takes about twenty-five duds to make a man."—Harper's Bazar.

The late Samuel McDonald Richardson, president of a savings bank in Baltimore, had a wonderful memory of faces. He personally knew, and could call by name, over 46,000 depositors, most of them people of small means.

In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Dependancy is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Pliny tells us that any plant gathered by a river before sunrise by a person, if unseen, tied on the left arm of an ague patient, without his knowing what it is, will cure the disease.

In the executive mansion at Raleigh is a card table presented to Governor Barrington by King George II about the year 1755.

## A SHARK IN THE SURF.

A PEARL BUYER IS TOSSED INTO THE SEA AS FOOD FOR IT.

A Traveler Tells a Story of What He Saw One Day in the Harbor of Madras—The Dapper Young Buyer and the Rascally Parsee Merchant.

A wild sea was running high in the harbor of Madras. The sea always runs high there, and in the last two miles must always be made in surfboats. The morning when the steamship Tigress dropped anchor and ran up her signal for the boats, great angry waves were bowling along before a fresh monsoon, and even the surfboats found it hard to keep dry.

Among our passengers from Ceylon for Madras we had a dapper young fellow, who was as good a judge of pearls as I ever saw. He had been to Ceylon buying for an English house, and was now on his way to the Persian gulf to complete his stock. He was to leave us at Madras to go overland to Bombay.

He knew how to buy pearls, but he did not know how to take care of them. Before he had been on board a day he had told me all about his luck in Ceylon and had shown me his entire assortment. One of the pearls was simply gorgeous. Had it not been for a faint dot of blue upon one side it would have been worth a small fortune. He was delighted with my appreciation and enjoyment of the stones, and he showed me his treasures several times during the short voyage. Twice he left me alone with them. It was not, however, through any particular confidence in me, for I suspect he made quite as free with his treasures among several of the passengers. One was a Parsee, who was forever going between Ceylon and Madras, for what purpose I could never discover, though I had met him several times.

Whatever else he was I was sure that the Parsee was a great rascal, and was surprised and sorry for the young pearl man to find him making a most intimate friend of the fellow.

Together they stepped down the ladder to enter a surfboat as we neared Madras. The young man went down first with his case of precious pearls in his hand. The Parsee was stepping into the boat when he paused and spoke to its black captain.

"I have forgotten something," he said, turning to the younger man. "I must come by another boat; I will meet you at the hotel."

He gave the surfboat a push with his foot and began to climb the ladder.

A sailor who was standing by me muttered: "There's a shark in the surf yonder."

But instead of looking away over the water he looked directly down upon the Parsee and then at the young pearl man.

Of course there was a shark in the surf. There are always sharks in that surf, but to me the sailor's sentence meant something more than that.

The Parsee simply walked behind the saloon house, stood there two or three minutes, then left the steamer by another boat. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Glass in hand I watched the two boats, a quarter of a mile apart, still wondering what the sailor meant by "a shark in the surf."

Presently one of the great waves lifted the first surfboat, but instead of taking the usual advantage of it to dip their oars and pull I distinctly noticed the boatmen sitting like statues. The almost naked fellow standing in the stern, with a long oar to guide the craft, suddenly leaned upon the oar, and the boat turned, was caught broadside on the wave and the next instant was capsized. I saw the passenger, with the pearl case still in hand, plunge head first into the water.

Like so many eels the black boatmen wriggled about in the water till they righted their boat, then clambered over the side and began to bail it out.

Not one of them seemed to give a thought to their passenger.

The next moment a piercing shriek sounded even as far as our steamer, and to my horror I saw the young fellow's body lifted out of the water not ten feet from the surfboat. It made one whirl in the air, disclosing the head of a shark holding it across the back, then sank again.

As the next boat passed the place I saw the Parsee throw something overboard that left a white spot on the water, which remained as long as I watched it, convincing me that it was a buoy of some sort set for some purpose.

A few days later we were anchored in the Hoogly river, off Calcutta. I was walking down the principal English thoroughfare when I saw the Parsee emerge from the door of a lapidary. He evidently recognized me, but he turned quickly in the opposite direction and walked away.

"A shark in the surf," I muttered, and with only a vague idea half formed in my mind I entered the shop and inquired of the dealer if he had an assortment of pearls on hand.

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed. "I was never so low as this morning. Pearls are in very great demand. But I have just purchased a large lot of the finest pearls I ever saw. I purchased them very low for cash, and I cannot only give you the first choice of this magnificent collection, but a great bargain besides. They are beauties! Yes!"

"Yes," I replied, "they are beauties—especially this one with a dot of blue upon one side. Too bad that it has the flaw."

I knew then why the Parsee went down to the surfboat and spoke to the captain, but went ashore by another boat. I knew why he left the white buoy in the water. I knew why he continually journeyed between Ceylon and Madras, and I knew what the sailor meant when he watched him and muttered, "There's a shark in the surf!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Henry IV of France was stabbed in his carriage by Ravillac just as he was preparing to carry out a scheme of conquest.

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## THE SEA SONG.

There is no song unto the sea unknown,  
With wild dance melodies and laughter low.  
Its happy ripples frolic to and fro;  
With passionate love-lays breathed in under-  
tone,  
It woe the quiet night; with wailing moan,  
It sobs to clouded skies its tale of woe;  
With triumph song as o'er some vanquished  
foe,  
It passes on with foamy locks with blown.  
And dirges to the dying ear it brings,  
And requiems chanted soft of waves that  
weep,  
And strange dead marches, as with muf-  
fled drums,  
It beats on lonely shores; and when night  
comes,  
A tender, crooning lullaby it sings,  
Rocking its own unto eternal sleep.  
—M. C. Gillington.

## RALPH, THE ROVER.

"Here, Ralph! Ralph! Hi, you scamp!  
Come back here, sir! There, he's gone!  
Off for two or three days' tramp again.  
Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you. I  
was that busy callin' the dog. I reckon I  
nearly walked over you. The matter, sir?  
Well, it's that dog, Ralph. You  
heard me call him, I dare say. A  
grander older fellow you couldn't find  
in a day's travel, but he has one bad  
habit. Most humans have more than  
that, and I ain't sure in my own mind  
that he ain't human."

"The habit? Well, it's just this: He  
will follow every blessed old tramp as  
passes here, and keep followin' 'em,  
sometimes for two or three days. He's  
a queer one. Did you notice him just  
now? Didn't see him? Well, he keeps  
just far enough behind the fellows so  
they won't drive him back, sniffin',  
sniffin' along, and kind of castin' his eye  
back to let me know he's hearing me,  
but not heedin' me. Just the same way  
he acts every time he goes off. He'll be  
back all right when he does come; and  
he's been acting that way ever since  
I've had him. 'Stolen? Why, sir, I  
don't believe the one's livin' could steal  
him or fasten him up over so tight he  
couldn't get back ever since—an a right  
queer way I got him too."

"Is he mine? Well, yes, in one way;  
an then no, in another. It was a queer  
story anyway."

"Tell it, sir? Well, if I had time I  
might. Ah, thank you, sir! A fine  
gentleman like you can afford to be  
generous."

"Now, let me see! As near as I re-  
member, it was June, two years ago, as  
I come down stairs rather early one  
morning to light the fire for my old  
woman. She wasn't very strong then;  
the youngster there was only a couple  
of months old, an I was gettin' the  
things all handy for her to get break-  
fast. When she come down the fire was  
lightin' an the kettle singin' for joy of  
seein' her, I'm thinkin'."

"Mollie was always a great one for  
fresh air, so as soon as she saw that  
everything was going right in the kitchen  
she walks to the front door, turns the  
key an opens it."

"Well, quick as a flash she came run-  
nin' back to me with her face kind of  
white an scared."

"Oh, Jim, come out here to the door!  
Quick!" says she.

"An when I followed her blessed if I  
don't see the rummest sight I ever did,  
an there I stood, starin' like an ape."

"You see, these seats on the porch are  
rather comfortable to sit on, an with the  
vines hangin' over this way makes it  
most as shut in an quietlike as a bed-  
room; then the posts here an at the cor-  
ners form good rests for the back. Well,  
anyhow, good or bad, right here, a leanin'  
back in the most uncomf'blest way, was  
the trampiest looking tramp I ever saw,  
sound asleep. An on the seat beside  
him, with his head on the man's lap,  
was the dandiest setter I ever expect to  
see. A vallyble dog, sir, too, as I knew  
soon as I set eyes on him. I always  
know a good dog, being rather in the  
sportin' line myself, an this was a genu-  
ine Gordon setter."

"Well, sir, I suppose I must have said  
somethin', with surprise, for to wake  
them up. The dog turned the solemnest  
eyes round to me, askin' me not to make  
so much noise; an the man, all rags an  
tatters, yawned an set up. An then,  
seein' Mollie right behind me, I'll be shot,  
sir, if he didn't stand up, take off his  
piece of a hat to her, an begin to apol-  
ogize for settin' on our doorstep. Said  
he'd been 'overcome with fateek.' Said  
my eye! For the manners of him I could  
hardly believe he weren't a swell cove,  
dressed in the latest fashion, with a full  
blooded stepper at the gate waitin' for  
him."

"I know I must have stared at him  
considerable, but, bless you, Mollie  
didn't spend no time a starin' till she'd  
asked him into the kitchen, an when the  
breakfast was ready she gave him an  
his dog, too, a good one."

"His feet were blistered with walkin'  
in shoes that left half of his feet out-  
doors an half in; an as he could scarcely  
take a step we made him stay with us a  
day or so till they got better; but he  
couldn't bear it, an the only reason, I  
think, was that he was afraid of bur-  
denin' us. But, Lord! He did as much  
for us as we did for him, I'll be bound.  
He filled the yard with kindlin', an I  
believe he'd 'a' chopped all the wood in  
the village if Mollie hadn't seen his  
hands all blistered an bledin'. That  
gave him away, sure. 'A gentleman  
born,' says I to myself when I see those  
hands."

"Then nothin' would do but Mollie  
must doctor an bandage them up for  
him. An while she was doin' it she  
heard a sound like a child tryin' not to  
cry, an he just bends down an kisses  
her hand, an then he says, kind of low  
an choked like, more like a groan than  
words, 'Oh, mother!'"

"An the way the little kid took to him  
was a caution. A mite like he was—no  
sense at all; only pucker'd up his face  
an cried when I went near him. He'd  
smile up in Robert's face (that was what  
he told us to call him) an hold on to his  
finger like he was his nurse."

"Now, to be sure, sir, three days don't  
seem much in a life, an you'll maybe  
think it foolish the store we set by both  
man an dog before that time was passed."

Ralph would lay down beside the baby's  
cradle, an nothin' would move him till  
his master left the room; then he'd get  
up an shake himself, as if it was time  
to go, an he was goin'."

"Mollie said he was human, an if ever  
a soul gets into an animal's body—I hear  
there's folks as thinks so—there was a  
good soul inside of Ralph."

"Yes, we all liked Ralph, an Robert  
even more. The fact is he was a real  
gentleman, that was plain enough,  
brought down as low as he was by Lord  
only knows what. But a true gentle-  
man, an I know the right kind when I  
see them. He never let on for one mo-  
ment, though, a single word about him-  
self but once an that was the last even-  
in he was here."

"The dog was sittin' beside him, with  
his head restin' on Robert's knee, when I  
says, kind of suddenlike:  
"I bet Ralph's a very vallyble dog,  
Robert."

"Yes, yes," he says, sort of slow.  
'Too vallyble,' strokin' Ralph's head  
with a lovin' hand, while the dog looked  
at him with just as much love. 'Twas  
the humanest eyes you would ever see,  
sir."

"He's worth a great deal of money,"  
he said again, after a moment's thinkin'.  
'I am very sorry for it sometimes. I've  
been in many hard straits at times, an  
I've been afraid—aye, afraid of myself  
—that I'd be tempted to sell him. Not  
while I was myself, old fellow, you un-  
derstand, but when I was the brute I  
sometimes am.'

"By George, sir! you wouldn't believe  
it, I dare say, but I'd take my affdavy  
that dog looked up, sort of sadlike, and  
shook his head."

"To make the story short—though, all  
told, it was not so very long—when we  
came down stairs the next morning  
Ralph lay on the floor guardin' his mas-  
ter's stick, but his master wasn't no-  
where round."

"Tell me the dog didn't know! He  
knew as well as we did why it was done:  
that the master he loved an who loved  
him had left him, but he had been told  
to watch the stick, an with the saddest  
eyes an droopin' he lay there all day  
long. An I truly believe if we hadn't  
got the stick away from him and burned  
it he'd 'a' been watchin' it yet."

"An his master? Yes, sir; gone—  
clean gone. An we've never heard a  
word of him since. Ungrateful! No,  
sir; I don't take it so. I think he couldn't  
trust himself with the dog he loved,  
when he was himself, you see, an so he  
left him where he knew he'd be well  
taken care of. Yes, that's the way I see  
it anyhow. An then he got so far away  
before the dog would quit watchin' that  
the scent was lost for poor Ralph. But  
he ain't never give up. Not a day, sir!"

"Do? Well, there's not a tramp  
comes past here—an the worse looking  
they are the wilder he is to get after  
them, sniffin' at their tracks, and then  
his tail will drop so disappointedlike,  
yet he'll keep on an follow 'em for a day,  
or maybe three days, till he gets sure he  
ain't comin' to his master, when he'll  
come back. Seems to me as if he kind  
of thought they might know him. How  
does he find out they don't? Bless you,  
sir, don't ask me, but dogs know a heap  
more than people think."

"He ought 'a' been named Rover, for  
he's been in more different places round  
here than I have an always turns up all  
right when he's settled the matter."

"Why! ain't that him now, a-sniffin'  
along the other road? Of course it is.  
Well, now, how'd he got over there, I  
wonder; seems as if he was scentin'  
somethin', don't it?"

"Hi, Ralph! Ralph! Ah! there he  
comes, a-boundin' along towards us just  
as he used to go for his master. Looks  
as if he thought he could find him, sure.  
See, now! Ain't he a beauty?"

"Here, Ralph! Good old fellow! Come  
here, sir! Eh! What! Straight for you,  
sir, he's gone, without a look for me!  
All over you in a minute! A fine gen-  
tleman like you! What! you, you, sir!  
Robert! Great Scott! An Ralph knew  
you! Well, well; I give in. Dogs is  
human!"—M. Warren Hale in Pittsburg  
Bulletin.

## The Cyclone in Mauritius.

After 11 a. m. the velocity of the  
wind increased, being at 1 p. m. at the  
rate of 96.5 miles an hour, and at 1:20  
at the rate of 104 miles. But from 1:25  
to 2:30 p. m. there was a lull, the velocity  
decreasing to the rate of 43 miles an  
hour at 2:33 p. m. It then began to in-  
crease again, and at 3:47 p. m. was at  
the rate of 121.2 miles per hour, but it  
soon began to abate, being at the rate of  
72 miles at 5:20 p. m., 60 miles at 6 p.  
m., 47 miles at 7 p. m. and 26 miles at 9  
p. m. By this time the weather was  
fine, the sky partially clear, and here  
and there stars were shining brightly."

It may be stated also that from the  
25th to the 29th there were from five to  
six groups of sun spots, indicating a con-  
siderable increase of solar activity, and  
that from the 25th to the 28th there  
were large magnetic disturbances, the  
portion of the sun's disk on which there  
was a very large group of spots on Feb.  
12 being again on or near the sun's  
central meridian.—Nature.

## All Look Alike.

It is often difficult, when opinion is  
challenged, to know just what one is  
desired to say. Mahlstick is a painter;  
he has a work on the easel, and he  
stands before it with a despairing  
clutch of his hair.

"What do you think of it? If you  
knew how I have struggled over it!"  
"Yes; it shows the struggle," en-  
deavoring to put in the answer a sym-  
pathetic note.

"Do you think so? I don't think so at  
all," Mahlstick replies with feeling, but  
then takes heart, and waving his hand  
at the works standing and hanging  
about him adds proudly:

"Yes; they all show struggle!"—New  
York Evening Sun.

An Eye for an Eye.  
Jinks—Why don't they make bicycle  
wheels with wooden spokes, the same as  
carriage wheels?  
Binks—Why, no one could tell which  
were the spokes and which were the  
legs.—New York Weekly.

## AN INDIAN CHIEF BURIED.

Imposing and Weird Ceremonies over  
the Body of a Dead Warrior.

All through Monday night, the 12th  
ult., says the Portland Sentinel, the  
body of Chief Scomiak lay in state in  
the largest cabin on the reserve, and  
the darkness was pierced from time to  
time by the long drawn wails of those  
who had gathered to pay their last tri-  
bute of respect to the memory of him  
who had been more than a friend. The  
shrill treble of the disconsolate klook  
was mingled from time to time with the  
deeper sob of the male mourners, and  
not once during the entire night was  
the sound allowed to completely die  
away.

Tuesday morning at an early hour the  
preliminary funeral services were be-  
gun. The body of the dead chief was  
enclosed in a broadcloth covered casket,  
with silver handles and cross. The cof-  
fin was almost hidden from sight by  
the numerous floral tributes in the  
shapes of wreaths, crosses and bou-  
quets. The face of the deceased, as seen  
through the glass, though rather wasted  
indicated considerable power and intel-  
ligence. Large deputations from the  
Cowichan, Saanich, and Beechy Bay  
tribes were present to take a last look at  
the dead. Bales of blankets were piled  
up on all sides, and the various house-  
hold utensils of the family were arranged  
near them.

After all present had filed past the  
coffin the distribution of presents be-  
gan. First of all a large native blanket,  
the one reserved for such purposes, and  
called the death blanket, was divided  
into strips and a small piece given to  
each one.

Then those who had assisted in pre-  
paring the grave and had laid out the  
body, were each handed out five blank-  
ets by Chief Joe, the new ruler of the  
tribe.

The Cowichans followed and as each  
approached the coffin and nodded to the  
dead he was handed a blanket, the chief  
of the clan in the meantime setting  
forth in a short speech the various good  
qualities of the departed and advising  
his people to remember him long and  
strive to emulate his virtues.

The Saanichs followed with a similar  
ceremony, and the Beechy Bays wound  
up this part of the program.

It must be remembered that the Song-  
nes of whom the dead man was chief,  
get nothing at this ceremony, the entire  
list of presents going to the visitors.

When the presents had been distribu-  
ted, the mourners again gathered about  
the coffin and set up the death wail.

Chief Charley of the Beechy Bays, de-  
livered the final native oration. From  
a gentleman who understood the lan-  
guage a brief outline of the speech was  
secured:

"My friends," said the chief, "take  
your last look upon the face of him who  
was your friend. Death has asked for  
him and we had to give him up. Our  
eyes are wet and our hearts are sore  
when we think of what we have lost.  
But it had to be. The dead man had  
lived long. It was his time to go. Let  
us not forget in our sorrow the life he  
lived. It was a good life, he was a good  
man. Let the young remember it and  
the old not forget. Eighty years have  
passed since the dead man first saw  
light, and those years have been full of  
kind deeds. Let the young remember it  
and the old think upon it. When a bad  
man dies it is well to forget. The death  
wail is from the lips and the eyes are  
dry, but to-day our hearts cry and our  
eyes are wet. The wail is no mo' kery.  
We mourn for a good man who lived a  
good life. Let the young long remem-  
ber and the old think upon it."

At the close of Chief Charley's speech  
the city band filed in, and after a few  
appropriate selections the coffin was  
lifted by the pall-bearers and carried  
across the bridge to the waiting hearse.  
A long line of mourners followed the  
remains.

At the bridge the funeral procession  
was formed. The band headed the line  
followed by two carriages for the clergy,  
the hearse and some 25 and 30 carriages.  
The line of march was from the E. & N.  
depot up Johnson, Government, and  
Yates streets to the Cathedral, where  
Bishop Lemmens assisted by Father  
Van Nevel, celebrated the solemn re-  
quiem mass.

From the church the body was taken  
to the cemetery, where Father Van  
Nevel performed the final ceremonies,  
and the body of the dead chief was left  
to its long rest.

The late chief is said by those who  
knew him best to have been between  
75 and 80 years of age. His successor  
has not yet been decided upon, but it is  
highly probable that Saanich's friend  
Joseph will be asked to rule in his  
stead. He is a comparatively young man  
who has for many years been the bosom  
friend of the dead man and who pos-  
sesses many of the qualities which made  
the departed chief a wise and successful  
leader.

The Holy Father has issued a decree  
by which it is laid down that when the  
feast of St. Joseph, patron of the univer-  
sal church, happens to fall upon a Pas-  
chal Sunday it is to be celebrated on the  
following day. When the feast occurs  
during holy week it will be kept on the  
Wednesday after Low Sunday.

## SECOND GRAND

## PREMIUM OFFER

A CHANCE FOR ALL!

## THE WESTERN WITNESS

In presenting this, its SECOND GRAND PREMIUM OFFER wishes to return thanks to those who labored so strenuously  
before, and now proposes to offer a grander series of prizes for those

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the previous offer was unparalleled. The present offer, now that the paper is so well known in Catholic circles, will  
yield greater returns to those who enter into the competition.

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- 1.—AN ELEGANT GOLD WATCH, cases handsomely engraved, works of best American  
manufacture, guaranteed for three years, stem wind and set, either ladies' or gents' size.
- 2.—ELEGANT BALL-BEARING SAFETY BICYCLE, suitable for boy or girl. Splendid  
machine, that will stand any amount of riding.
- 3.—ONE WEEK'S BOARD AT THE HOTEL DEL MAR, SANTA CRUZ, including  
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C. L. A. S., is one of the prettiest resorts in the State, and a week at the seaside is worth working  
for.

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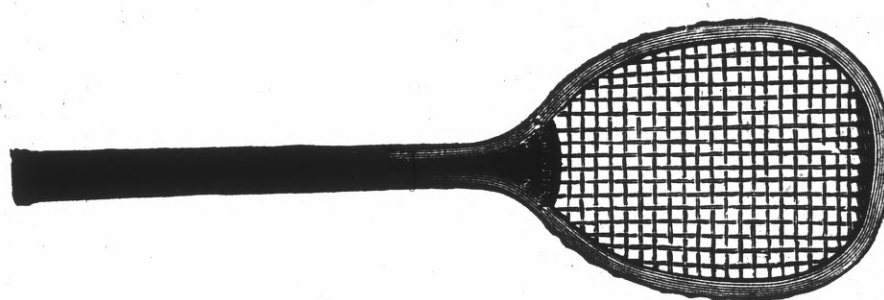
We will present to the fortunate ones,  
their choice of the following:

- 1.—A BREECH LOADING DOUBLE  
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action, manufactured by Wm. Moore &  
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steel barrels, back-action locks, check-  
ered grip, first quality, blued or case-  
hardened mountings, 12 gauge; a splen-  
did fowling piece.
- 2.—BASEBALL OUTFIT, consisting  
of one Spalding League Ball, one special black end league players wagon tongue ash bat; 1 No. A Catcher's Mask, very strong  
wire, well padded and faced with horse-hide, warranted first-class in every respect; one set Professional Catcher's Gloves, made  
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individual canvas bat bag, heavy canvas, with leather cup at one end. What boy does not want such an outfit?

## FOR 20 SUBSCRIBERS

- 1.—We have secured a line of ELEGANT SILVER WATCHES, Hunting-Case or Open-Face, suitable either for Lady or  
Gentleman, a reliable time-piece.
- 2.—HANDSOME ALTAR, twenty-two inches wide, 30 inches in height, finished in white enamel, inside moulding of  
frame covered with burnished gold leaf; statuette 12 inches high, modeled after the famous work by Andrea Orcagna, now in the  
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## FOR 15 SUBSCRIBERS



You can secure as a Premium, a  
LAWN TENNIS SET, containing  
everything requisite for playing, con-  
sisting of two Star rackets, one net, No.  
100, one pair poles, No. 9, two plain balls,  
one set guys, runners and pegs, No. 6,  
one mallet and one book rules; every-  
thing packed complete in a strong box.  
A RELOADING OUTFIT, consisting  
of loader, caper, extractor, measure  
and loading block, closer, rod and im-  
plements, packed in box, and 100 car-  
tridges. Just what you will need after  
you have got your Shotgun.

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WE HAVE A STARTLING ARRAY OF PREMIUMS, AS FOLLOWS:



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chatelaine pin, and are made especially for this paper.
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